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MY QUEEN

MARION MARLOWE IN COLUMBUS
OR ACCUSED OF A CRIME
BY GRACE SHIRLEY

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Here Is Health

53 Leading St., Cleveland, O.,
Oct. 7, 1900.

Dr. T. A. SLOCUM.

Dear Sir:—I am pleased to inform you that your Remedies have completely cured me. I was troubled with weak lungs and chest, and also had catarrh. I *know* the Slocum System is the best in the world, and I will recommend your medicine to all who may be in need of Remedies of their character.

Yours truly,
HARRY L. LYON.

McComb, Pike Co., Miss.,
Oct. 2, 1900.

Dr. T. A. SLOCUM,

Dear Sir:—I write to let you know that your Remedies have entirely cured my little girl of scrofula and I feel very thankful to you for all your kindness.

Yours respectfully,
MALISIA ADISON.

Wesson, Copiah Co., Miss.,
Oct. 4, 1900.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM,

Dear Sir:—In reply to your kind letter I wish to say that since taking your Remedies I am sound as a dollar. I believe had it not been for your medicine I would now be in my grave. I feel very thankful to you for the cure that was performed in my case, and beg to remain,

Yours sincerely,
CHAS. VAN NORDEN.

Woodland, St. Joseph Co.,
Oct. 9, 1900.

Dr. T. A. SLOCUM,

Dear Sir:—My little boy had catarrh in the head very badly. When he was five years old I saw your medicine advertised and tried it and he now is entirely cured. I I can highly recommend your medicine to anyone

Yours respectfully,
MRS. ASA TABER.

Grove Park, Alachua Co., Fla.,
Oct. 19, 1900.

Dr. T. A. SLOCUM,

Dear Sir:—I received your letter, also the Remedies that you sent at my request and hope you will pardon my long delay in writing to you to recommend your good medicine. The pain in my breast has vanished and I am feeling a great deal stronger than before. I shall recommend your Remedies to all in my town who are suffering from consumption or any disorder of the throat, heart and lungs. Thanking you very kindly for what you have done for me, I remain,

Yours respectfully,
M. T. BOOKER.

Oran, Onondaga Co., N. Y.,
Sept. 5, 1900.

Dr. T. A. SLOCUM,

Dear Sir:—The cough which has troubled me so long is now entirely gone, and I owe my restoration to your wonderful Remedies. I am getting stronger every day, for which I am very thankful to you, and shall recommend your Remedies to everybody.

Yours respectfully,
CHAS. H. DARLING.

For All Who Have Weak Lungs

FREE

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Represent a **New** system of treatment for the cure of **consumption** and those suffering from **wasting** diseases, **weak lungs, coughs, sore throat, catarrh, bronchitis and other pulmonary troubles,** or inflammatory conditions of **nose, throat and lungs.**

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They Cure.

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MY QUEEN
A WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR YOUNG WOMEN

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Marion Marlowe in Columbus;

OR,

ACCUSED OF A CRIME.

By GRACE SHIRLEY.

CHAPTER I.

AN ASTONISHING SURPRISE.

"What the deuce is this? Hold on a minute, Mr. Temple! Some one has evidently dropped an astonishing paper."

The speaker was Bert Jackson, a handsome youth of nineteen, who was playing comedy parts in the Temple Theatrical Company during a short road tour.

Mr. Temple, the manager and proprietor of the company, turned around as he spoke, and together they examined a paper that Bert had just picked up from the wet ground.

As the manager glanced it over he gave a whistle of surprise and a heavy frown darkened his handsome features.

"A warrant of arrest for our star, Miss Marion Marlowe!" he exclaimed, in astonishment; "and she is accused of stealing a diamond brooch from Miss Chester, the dishonest little soubrette that I discharged in Cleveland! Well, of all the disgusting things that I ever heard of! Now, who the mischief could have dropped that, Jackson?"

The two men glanced around before the question was answered.

They were in a lonely spot, half-way across Morrow County, Ohio, and likely to remain there for several hours longer.

A typical January thaw had resulted in a bad washout, which had stopped the train, and now the engine and tender had gone back to the last station, which was ten miles distant, while the two cars containing the members of the company, with their baggage and extra scenery and "props," were sidetracked at a safe distance from the dangerous wash-out.

The rain, which had been pouring stead-

ily ever since the company left Cleveland, had finally let up for awhile, although the clouds seemed in no mood to break away.

"We've got a sneak and a traitor among us, that is very evident," was the young man's answer. "Whoever dropped that paper has been carrying it since last evening. What I want to know is, why didn't he serve it in Cleveland?"

Mr. Temple folded the paper and put it in his pocket.

"Keep mum about this, Jackson, until we find the culprit! Thank fortune, this paper is the 'original instrument,' as the lawyers say. It has never been returned and the time is up to-morrow. Whoever he is, he has no duplicates in his pocket!"

"So if you keep it safely and neither of us say anything about it, it doesn't get served," said Bert, gayly. "Well, that's good luck, too, but who'd have thought that of Miss Chester? I knew she was tricky, but I didn't think she'd be so spiteful."

"She evidently blames Miss Marlowe for her discharge," said Mr. Temple, thoughtfully, "although the facts of the case are that our star begged me to be merciful. I discharged Chester for stealing—there was no other reason——"

"Well, I'll play old sleuth for the balance of the day, you can bet," said Bert, between his teeth, "and if I ever catch the scoundrel that had this in his pocket, I'll—well, I won't go into details about what I'll do to him! I'll wait and see how I feel when I get a look at him."

"I suppose he went back with the train," said Mr. Temple, slowly. "It doesn't seem possible it can be any one in the company. None of my actors or hands are process servers that I know of. What puzzles me is why he didn't serve it before; perhaps his conscience troubled him, Jackson. I can't think of any other reason."

"I hope it did, the scalawag," said Bert, still angry, "but there go Hinton and Gray out to look at the wash-out. I'll begin my detective work right away by going over and joining them."

"And I'll go and have a chat with the ladies," said Mr. Temple, still frowning. "Experience has taught me to watch the female members of my company very closely when there is any treachery about; still I can hardly believe that there is a traitor among them at present; they are all lovely girls and all devoted to Miss Marlowe."

"I'm off," said Bert, starting over to the wash-out.

"Go easy, Jackson! This thing will be a serious matter!" warned the manager.

He started back toward the side-tracked cars, where he could hear peals of laughter and merry voices, while Bert strolled across the track leisurely and joined the two men at the wash-out.

"This looks promising, I must confess! Here we are, side-tracked in a wilderness and liable to stay here—Heaven only knows how long, and all because of a ditch that any able-bodied cow could jump over! I call it disgusting! Are those your sentiments, Hinton?"

Phil Gray, the property man of the Temple Theatrical Company, uttered the words just as Bert Jackson came up.

"If I expressed an opinion it would not be fit for publication, Gray," was Hinton the calcium man's honest answer. "The idea of our being stuck out in this forsaken hole! Why, the desolation of the place is enough to drive one to drink, but the deuce of it is there's nothing to drink but brook water!"

"Well, there's lots of that, boys! We won't go dry, at any rate, although the prospects are now that we may go hungry," chimed in Bert, very naturally.

"And I'm as hungry as a bear," laughed

Hinton, candidly. "I'm just longing to hear the young ladies say breakfast. I know Miss Marlowe is cooking eggs and Miss Allyn is making coffee."

"Gee! That does sound good, now that you mention it!" said Bert, rubbing his stomach, "but the worst of it is we'll eat everything up for breakfast and there won't be a blessed thing left for luncheon."

"And no way to get anything," said Gray, disgustedly. "The telegraph wires are all down. Oh, we are outcasts for certain!"

"Lucky we didn't go plunk into that hole," said Bert, looking down into the hole in the ground at his feet. "The rails are torn up for a dozen feet, at least. Gee! What a shaking up we would have had if we had taken a header, Hinton!"

"I wish we knew how long we've got to stay here," said the property man, dubiously. "There's nothing I hate so much as a delay in traveling."

"Looks almost as bad as our stage did that last night at Cleveland, after we'd had the explosion, don't it?" Bert asked, solemnly. "Well, thank fortune, we are safe from rioters here! There is no danger of meeting enemies in this wilderness—that is one comfort!"

"We're liable to meet other things that are less easily handled," remarked Hinton, with a glance at the sky. "I've been over this country a few dozen times before, and I can assure you it is not without its peculiarities, Jackson. If I'm any judge, this storm is going to end up in a gust of rain and wind, and perhaps a cold wind at that."

"Oh, we've all got our mackintoshes; and, anyway, a bath will do us good. I'd give a dollar to know if there are any fish in this brook."

Phil Gray took a sharp look at the brook that was close by on the right of the railroad track.

"I fancy if you followed that up a ways you'd find a fishing pool of some sort," he said, sagely. "You may have to break through the ice, but I'm with you, Jackson, if you want to try it."

"That's a go," returned Bert, as he started toward the car.

"But what will we do for bait and tackle?" spoke up Gray, suddenly.

"Oh, I have some tackle," answered Bert, over his shoulder; "that's what made me think of fishing. I found a couple of hooks and some line in my dressing-room in Cleveland."

"Oh, Bert! What in the world are you planning to do? There is a look on your face that speaks of desperation!" cried a merry voice from one of the windows of the car.

Bert looked up at the speaker solemnly and shook his head.

"Dost see that stream yonder, fair lady?" he asked, tragically. "Well, prithee, listen, and methinks you will cease all foolish babble. It is in yonder stream that I would seek the luscious trout or whate'er it is inhabits those cold depths. Ha! Wilt come with me, fair maid, and lure these sly creatures from their lair?"

A hideous grin distorted his handsome face as he assumed a yearning attitude before the car window, dangling the fish-line before his face.

"Not on your tintype, Bert Jackson! You don't catch me wandering from this happy—and dry—home to dangers that I wot not of. But don't let me detain you," was the gay answer.

"'Tis thus she thwarts my amiable purpose," mumbled the pseudo tragedian, as he shook his head and replaced his cap.

"You don't suppose Miss Ellis is so desperate as all that, do you, Bert?" called out a laughing voice from another window.

The young man looked up quickly and saw

a beautiful face lighted up by magnificent gray eyes and framed in a perfect mass of wavy chestnut hair.

"Hello! Did you hear me, Marion?" cried the young man, gayly; "and to think that my secret was meant for the *ingénue's* ear alone. But it does not matter, now—she has scorned my invitation!"

"Naturally!" laughed Marion Marlowe, the beautiful star of the company; "you really didn't expect her to die with you, did you?"

"Faith, an' who axed her to die, if yer plaze, swate Marion? Shure, it's mesilf as only hinted fer the loikes av her to come for some fish. She misunderstood me complately," was the young man's lightning-like rejoinder.

"Oh, Bert! That settles it! You'll have to be an Irishman next! There's a lovely Irish part in one of the plays Mr. Temple is considering!"

"Well, he can count me out!" said Bert, coming promptly back to English. "Let Dr. Brookes have that part, or Olcott, or Miss Leslie! Gee, that's the best idea yet! Della would make a lovely Irishman!"

Another roguish face peeped out from around the end of the car, and Della Leslie, a mimic and understudy for Miss Marlowe, threw a can of condensed milk at the head of the comedian.

"Take that for your impudence, Bert Jackson!" she called out. "I'll talk Irish when I forget my own tongue, and not before!"

"A thing you are not likely to do in a hurry," retorted Bert. "Why, you are the biographo-talko-phone of the entire company, Della!"

"And you are—what?" asked Miss Leslie, thoughtfully. "Oh, I know; you are the 'Angel!' Miss Chester told me so!"

There was a general laugh at Bert's expense; but the young man was not a bit abashed and retorted promptly.

"She didn't think I was an angel the night I discovered her with that stolen bracelet on her arm, you bet! But, by the way, Marion, did I ever tell you what she said to me that evening? I forgot it a second after, but it's just come back to me this minute."

"What was it, Bert? Do tell us!" asked a dozen voices, and as many heads popped promptly out of the car windows.

"Why, she said if Temple discharged her she would meet us in Columbus, and that she would find some way of squaring her accounts with us!"

"Why, what in the world could she have against us?" asked Marion, wonderingly. "I am sure we were all as kind as possible! Not many managers would have been so courteous or so kind as Mr. Temple!"

"Oh, she's just naturally bad, I guess!" remarked Miss Ellis. "I remember, now that Bert speaks of it, she did make some threats. She's got it in for Bert for not falling in love with her!"

"Well, if that is Bert's worst fault, I fancy we can all forgive him," said Marion, sweetly; "but don't let us worry about an idle threat. A woman who was caught in dishonesty as Miss Chester was, is quite apt to turn what she chooses to call 'revengeful,' though I could never just see how one could ever avenge his own evil deeds unless it was by becoming repentant!"

"She'll never repent! She isn't built that way," called out Orrin Olcott, the "villain;" "but say, tell me, somebody, what is going to happen? Is there a tornado coming, or is that just a squall? I've been looking at that black cloud for five minutes, and it's getting me nervous."

Bert glanced up at the sky and was about to speak, when Bob Hinton and Gray came running up from the wash out.

"Get under cover quick, Jackson! There's going to be a blow! And it's going to be a

corker, too, if I am not mistaken!" yelled Hinton.

There was a furious gust of wind, and down went all the windows of the car.

In a second the sky was dark.

Suddenly Mrs. Burnside, one of the ladies of the company, gave a shriek of horror.

"Oh, Ruby! Where is Ruby? Has any one seen my baby?"

Marion Marlowe sprang to her feet.

The child actress, a sweet little girl of six, had disappeared from view in less than a minute.

"I'll find her, Mrs. Burnside!" Marion cried, as she darted through the car.

"Stop, Marion! You shall not venture!" cried a manly voice, sharply, and a firm but gentle hand was laid on her shoulder.

The door at the rear end of the car was burst suddenly open, and a perfect shower of water came pouring in.

Before she was forced to close her eyes the young actress caught sight of Ruby. She had wandered a little distance, and was standing on the track.

The next instant there was a swirl of water, and everything grew dark. As Marion staggered back, Dr. Brookes, the leading man of the company, darted from the car, and, in spite of the storm, every member of the company followed him to the platform.

CHAPTER II.

THE STOWAWAY.

But the rescuing of little Ruby was not such an easy matter.

She had been caught up by the wind and thrown down with violence, and, as the rain blinded the doctor's eyes, she was being swept along toward the wash-out.

One by one the group upon the platform had fallen back into the shelter of the coach. They were drenched to the skin in less than a minute.

Bert Jackson and Bob Hinton both sprang off the car, but, for a moment, they could not make the slightest headway.

Marion Marlowe remained at her post holding tight to the railing and straining her eyes for another glimpse of little Ruby, and her friend Alma Allyn, who was playing an important part in the productions, came boldly out upon the platform and tried to shield her a little.

It seemed incredible to both young girls that anything could happen so swiftly, but this was their first trip West and they knew nothing of the country.

Marion was crouching on the platform when they brought the little one to her, but she managed to receive the drenched child in her arms and stagger into the car, where she found Mrs. Burnside in a fainting condition.

Poor Ruby was badly scratched and bruised by her adventure, but Marion soothed and calmed her while the others revived her mother.

"All over!" shouted Bert, just as Mrs. Burnside opened her eyes. "Well, that thing broke all the records! I tell you, it was a hummer!"

"I never saw a squall come up any quicker, and I've seen a good many," said Hinton. "Well, you've had your bath, Jackson, and no trouble to you, either!"

"What the dickens will we do for dry clothes is what I want to know?" laughed Bert. "We'll all get chills and fever if we keep these wet duds on! Why, I'll venture to say there isn't a dry rag in the company."

"Even my shoestrings are wet," said Miss Ellis, dubiously, "and our trunks are all in with the scenery and other baggage."

"I guess I could fish out one of the costume trunks," said Gray, thoughtfully; "there's a lot of togas and sashes and helmets and things! No danger of scaring the natives

out here. We are not likely to see a human being before evening."

"But what will we do with our wet clothes?" asked Marion. "We can't rig up a clothes-line, for there isn't a tree in sight and the only telegraph pole is lying flat in the wash-out."

"We'll go up and spread them on the roof of the car after it dries," said Mr. Temple, who had been asleep in the car until the squall had passed. "I'm very sorry indeed that you all got so wet, but I can't blame you for rushing out to see what became of little Ruby."

"She isn't hurt a mite except for a few scratches," said Marion, who was still holding the child, "but, oh, I shall never forget how I felt when I saw her being swept toward the wash-out! Dr. Brookes was just in time! I don't know how he ever did it!"

"I just caught one glimpse of her," said the doctor, gravely; "the wind did the rest! It fairly pitched me after her. Luckily, I reached her just in time. She was on the very edge of the embankment!"

"Well, I hope the elements will notify us when they are going to cut up such didoes again," remarked Bert, disgustedly. "It isn't very pleasant to be a dried herring one minute and a great, wet, sloppy porpoise the next, and that's exactly the transformation this storm accomplished on me. I am leaving watery footsteps all over the carpet."

"So are we, all of us," laughed Olcott, trying to wring out his trousers. "I'm off to help Gray fish out the trunk of togas."

"Do please bring me a handkerchief," pleaded Mrs. Burnside, nervously; "mine is so wet that I can't seem to dry my eyes at all, and it's dreadfully hard to have to wipe them on the seat cushions!"

There was a general laugh and they all felt better. The incident would have been amusing if it had not been for the accident to little Ruby and the fright they all had when they saw her danger.

"I guess we can get out a trunk or two," said Gray, as he started out. "Of course, we'll have to get our two guardians to help us, and, by the way, where the deuce are they; has anybody seen them?"

He had reached the door as he asked the question, and, exactly as he spoke, one of the two trainmen who had been left with the cars sprang upon the platform.

"Everybody safe?" he asked, with a grin, as he entered the car and shut the door. "Bill and I found a shelter near the wash-out when the storm broke. Gee-wilikens, Gray, but wasn't it a hummer!"

"We are all wet through! Can you help us out?" asked the property man. "The ladies and all are wet to the skin, I guess. We've got to get into that baggage car and get some dry duds if possible."

"Yes, we will be obliged to do it," said Mr. Temple, coming forward. "There can't be any harm in your opening the car. Every article in it belongs to my company."

The trainman looked puzzled, for he understood the situation thoroughly. "I have orders not to open it until we get to Columbus," he said, slowly, "but I'll ask my side partner. What he says goes, Mr. Temple."

There was a short conversation outside between the trainmen, in which Mr. Temple and the property man joined, but Bill, the head guardian of the baggage car, was disposed to be obstinate.

"This car was locked at the station when you left last night, and isn't to be opened under any condition," began the man, sourly.

"But you can't expect me to allow these ladies to get sick," broke in Mr. Temple. "Why, they are taking chances with their lives every minute that they sit in that damp clothing!"

"I've got my orders," said the man again. "I can't afford to lose my job to accommodate no one. The car ain't to be unlocked until we reach Columbus."

"See here," said Mr. Temple, beginning to grow angry. "I'm paying for transportation, and I own that baggage. The car has got to be opened—that's all there is about it!"

Bert had stood back silently and was watching the trainman, as all three re-entered the car.

There was something in the fellow's face that puzzled him a little.

"Of course it's going to be opened!" said Dr. Brookes, decidedly. "We are willing to stand by you, and see that you don't get into trouble; and, furthermore, we'll get you another job if you lose your present one; so get over your grumps, my friend, and produce the key to the car!"

"Yes, and hurry up before we all get to sneezing!" chimed in Bert. "We've fooled long enough! Get a move on you, sonny!"

The man put his hand in his pocket and produced a key, but before he had gone four steps toward the door he seemed to reconsider his actions.

"I've got no right to do it," he said, decidedly, "but what's a man to do in such a fix?"

"Now you are talking," laughed Bert. "What is he to do? Why, give up the key or have it taken away from him!"

That seemed to settle the matter and the fellow advanced to the baggage-car door. After rattling the padlock noisily for a minute he succeeded in opening it.

When the door was finally shoved back the two trainmen began pulling the baggage about, while the property man peered into the mass in the hope of being able to direct them.

"I think the women's trunks were all put in that corner," he began, pointing across the car; "there's a lot of scenery on top and smaller baggage. Be as careful as you can so as not to tear the canvas."

"I'll be careful all right," said the good-natured trainman, as he seized the corner of a trunk. "I'll just turn it around so that Bill here can get hold of it, then I'll try to squeeze in and keep the other things from falling."

"You'd better not try to squeeze in here! There's no room to spare, I can tell you, sonny!"

The words came in smothered accents from the very middle of the car and, for a minute, both trainmen and their passengers stood and stared at each other.

"Well, I'll be hanged! Who ever heard of a stowaway in a baggage car!" finally burst out Bert, who was standing in the doorway. "That's what it is, Mr. Temple, just as sure as shooting!"

"Whatever it is, it couldn't have got there without the baggage-master at Cleveland knowing it," began one of the trainmen, but a sarcastic laugh cut short his observations.

"That's where you make your mistake, my boy," said the voice again. "I wanted a free ride to Columbus, and I was determined to get it. Of course, I knew it would be close quarters, but I took my chances. Slipped in just a second before the door was locked and, being second cousin to a monkey, I managed to climb over the baggage."

"You'll be second cousin to a dead man if I ever get my hands on you!" muttered the property man again, as he began pulling at the baggage. There was a wild scramble among the trunks and a lot of loose boxes went tumbling together; then, with a whoop of delight, a curious figure appeared at the top of the pile and dropped down to the ground by means of the trainman's shoulder.

"Awfully sorry to force my company on you, gentlemen, but 'necessity knows no law.' Hello! Been having a cyclone or a tornado, Mr. Temple?"

The manager of the Temple Theatrical Company stood speechless with surprise, as did two-thirds of his company, who were looking on the scene from the other car.

"Say, who the deuce are you, anyway?" asked Bert Jackson, coolly. "You look like a cross between a cherub and an imp! I'd give two dollars to have your picture!"

The boyish-looking stowaway from the baggage car glanced down at himself with perfect composure.

"Unfortunately, I didn't have time to make my toilet this morning before leaving Cleveland," he said, politely, "and you must confess that a three-cornered berth behind a pile of trunks in an air-tight baggage car can hardly be expected to improve a gentleman's appearance."

"Gee whiz! So you're a gentleman! Well, I'm glad you've called the turn," retorted Bert. "Now, if I had seen you first, I would have called you a ragamuffin, but that only goes to show that appearances are deceitful."

"Oh, Bert, perhaps he's hungry!" called out a silvery voice at that instant, and Marion Marlowe stepped nearer to the group and held out a sandwich and a banana.

The stowaway glanced at her and then tipped his ragged cap politely. "The queen of all beautiful women, Miss Marion Marlowe," he exclaimed, dramatically; then he reached out a very dirty hand and accepted the sandwich.

"Seems to know us all," muttered Bert to Mr. Temple. "Well, all I've got to say is he has the advantage. But I'll investigate him later. Just now I want some breakfast."

CHAPTER III.

A NEW ACQUISITION.

"Who in thunder do you suppose he is, anyway, Temple?"

Bert asked the question curiously, as the recent additon to the party walked over toward the wash-out, eating his sandwich ravenously.

"I give it up! He's a queer-looking duck. Thirty years old, if he's a day, and yet no bigger than a sixteen-year-old boy. He has the most elfish face I ever saw; yet, take it on the whole, it is fairly honest!" was the answer.

"Do you know, he reminds me of the pictures of 'Dusty Rhodes' and 'Wandering Willie' that one sees so often in the papers," remarked Alma Allyn, gazing after the fellow as she munched a cruller. "He's a sample of the genus hobo—or rather, according to his tatters, one might better call him a remnant."

"The question is What are we going to do with him?" asked Mr. Temple, gazing after the queer-looking creature. "He's beating the railroad out of a fare, but that is nothing to us. The thing that puzzles me is why he chose our train. There were a dozen freight trains that he might have ridden on. That sort of thing is done every day; but a stowaway in a baggage car is quite another matter."

Several trunks had been taken out and opened, and the entire company was grouped about them, so, as Mr. Temple spoke, Marion Marlowe answered him.

"He does seem to have shown an extraordinary preference in the matter," she said, thoughtfully, "but, perhaps, it was because he saw the car was not crowded."

"Oh, I guess he has histrionic ambitions," remarked Bert Jackson, laughing; "and, then, that scenery looks warm and inviting, you know! Why, the fellow had a tropical forest behind him and a luxurious drawing room

over his head, and there were two parlors, two banquet-rooms and one throne-room for him to sport in!"

"Then, of course, he knew we'd go straight through, as we are billed for Columbus to-night," spoke up Olcott, with a glance out of the window at the wash-out. He didn't expect we'd have a matinée on a side-track half-way on the route; but, hold on with your comments; the chap is coming back. He's still looking hungry, and has his eye on Miss Marlowe!"

"For Heaven's sake, surround her, then!" cried Bert, with great concern. "Who knows but the miscreant will take a notion to eat her!"

"I wouldn't blame him a little bit! She's sweet enough to eat!" remarked Miss Ellis, promptly; but as Marion had gone to the door to meet the stowaway, she did not hear her.

"Do have another sandwich! I am sure you are still hungry," said the young girl, sweetly, as she held out a paper bag.

They were some distance from the others as she spoke, and, as he reached for the bag, the newcomer gazed at her curiously.

"Are you really Miss Marlowe?" he asked, in a low tone.

"I really am," answered Marion, laughing. "But who are you? I do not know what to call you."

"Oh, I'm the 'Wandering Jew,'" said the stowaway, shrewdly; "I'm the Spirit of Unrest and the Principle of Perpetual Motion! Any old name at all will suit me, Miss Marlowe."

Marion stared in amazement, but the fellow's face puzzled her.

He had such sharp, weazened features and yet such a merry smile. It was impossible to decide whether he was a friend or an enemy.

"But won't you sit down by the stove and get warm?" began Marion.

Greatly to her astonishment, the queer-looking specimen before her drew a really valuable gold watch from the pocket of a ragged, ill-fitting coat, and consulted it gravely.

"Can't do it, thank you," he said, with great politeness. "I am due in Columbus to-night at ten o'clock. There's no hope for it; I'll have to walk it!"

"Why, you can't; it's nearly forty miles!" exclaimed Marion, quickly. "Surely, there'll be a train to our aid in a few hours, at most. You had better wait and ride to Columbus."

A shrewd smile flitted across the stowaway's face.

"Guess I won't risk it, Miss Marlowe; thanks to you just the same," he said, quietly.

"But isn't it dangerous?" asked the young girl, as the fellow started toward the door. "Supposing it should grow colder, and a storm should overtake you. Really, I think you had better wait for the train, Mr.——"

"Wiggin! Bill Wiggin," finished the fellow, promptly. "Please call me Wiggin, Miss Marlowe. It's what my mother calls me!"

There was a sudden pathetic intonation in the merry voice, and, as Marion glanced at him sharply, he drew a ragged coat-sleeve across his face in a suspicious manner.

In an instant the young girl's sympathy was aroused for the queer little fellow. In spite of his being a ragged, unkempt vagrant, he still spoke feelingly of his mother. No doubt he was a poor fellow—a regular offspring of misery. His clothes as well as his face showed wretchedness, and, in an instant, the young girl became possessed of a desire to help him.

"Oh, I have an idea! a splendid one!" she cried, suddenly. "Can you act, Mr. Wiggin? If you can, perhaps Mr. Temple will engage you. There's a part in one of our new p[lays] that I am sure will just suit you."

The fellow had come back as she spoke, and his eyes were snapping.

"Can I act? Well, I should smile! Why, I'm a Jim Dandy Thespian, Miss Marlowe! I've played Rip Van Winkle, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde and Ingomar, besides being everything in legit, from leading heavy to supe! Done fourteen performances a week in 'Frisco for fifty-two weeks in the year, and can sandwich in any specialty from a song and dance to a horizontal bar and 'split,' at short order, if necessary. Anything you want in the theatrical line, just call on yours truly; but I regret to say that my wardrobe isn't with me. I neglected to have it sent along when I bought my ticket."

A half dozen members of the company had come through the car as he was speaking, each carrying an assortment of odd garments that they intended donning, and the jovial ending to his words was intended for their benefit.

"Can you do a dual *rôle*—on the Little Lord Fauntleroy and Sunshine of Paradise Alley order?" asked Mr. Temple, laughing. "If you can, I have a notion to engage you at once; only, of course, if I do it I'll have no end of trouble. You've got to settle with the railroad people for stealing a ride, and I expect it is my duty to turn you over."

"What's the matter with rigging me up in some of those togs and keeping mum?" asked Wiggin, promptly, pointing to one of the gorgeous togas. "There's no one to know I'm a tramp unless you tell them! I assure you I will make a valuable acquisition to your company."

"Oh, but we are not short of cheek! We've got no end of that!" broke in Bert, "although we are free to confess that your reserve supply might come in handy!"

"How am I to know that you can act?" asked Mr Temple, more seriously. "I might waive my duty to the railroad if I found you were really valuable. Perhaps you will favor us with a dramatic recitation, Mr.—Mr. Wiggin?"

"Oh, let us have a rehearsal! It will be too funny for anything!" cried Marion, gayly. "We have the costumes all out, and are going to put them on, anyway. Do let us have a rehearsal of the new play, and Mr. Wiggin can read his part. You can tell as much by his reading as by a recitation!"

"A very good idea," laughed the manager, glancing about. "The ground is pretty wet, but it will be dry in an hour. As soon as you are all through eating I will tell Deering to call the rehearsal."

There was a general scamper, and the ladies of the company began dressing, while the male members, with Bill Wiggin among them, made a dressing-room of the narrow space that had been cleared in the baggage car.

"I shall never forget your face when you first saw that funny little fellow, Marion," called out Alma Allyn, as she was hurrying into her dry garments. "Really, if he had been a freak from Freakville you couldn't have looked more alarmed. I hope you were not visited with one of your horrid presentiments!"

"No, I am glad to say I was not," answered Marion, slowly. "Still, you must confess, Alma, that his appearance was startling; but the thing that puzzles me most was our trainman's manner. Do you suppose it is possible that he could have known he was in there? I've been puzzling over that question for the last ten minutes."

"Great Scott! That is so! I hadn't thought of it!" cried Miss Allyn. "You are a clever girl, Marion—the cleverest in creation!"

CHAPTER IV.

THE REHEARSAL.

When the two young girls were dressed they strolled out of the car, stepping as carefully over the wet ground as possible while they waited for the others.

They were talking in low tones about the new addition to their party, and as they walked about to keep warm they could hear the laughter of the men as they guyed the little fellow.

"I fancy he is a stranded actor," said Miss Allyn, as she retraced her steps to the car; "but here come Deering and the others from their breakfasts and, as soon as they start the rehearsal, we shall find out whether he is really an actor or only shamming."

"I think we will call this bit of track the stage—it's drier here than anywhere else," called out the stage manager. "Come, Jackson!. Get a move on! You start the ball rolling, you know!"

Bert emerged from the car, arrayed in a varied collection of stage garments which he had secured from the trunks, and a shout of laughter followed him as he strode over toward the impromptu stage.

Alma Allyn followed him, as she was in the first scene, and then the rest of the company came trooping out, while the property man and one of the trainmen climbed up on the roof of the car and spread out the wet clothing.

"Isn't it just the funniest scene you ever beheld, Alma?" laughed Marion, gayly. "I have heard of strange incidents on the road in a theatrical tour, but I doubt if anything could equal our rehearsal."

"It is to be hoped the relief train won't come thundering along and interrupt us," was the answer. "It would be actually obliged to take the centre of the stage, and oh, what a scattering there would be to exits!"

"No danger of our engine getting back for an hour yet," said Mr. Temple, coming up behind them. "The wrecking train will come first and mend the road. I don't imagine we'll get away from here much before twelve o'clock."

"But what in the world will we do for lunch? Wiggin has eaten up all the sandwiches!" whispered Marion, softly.

"I'm sure I don't know! Guess we'll have to start Bert fishing again," was the dubious answer, and just then the new acquisition came up, and they all turned to look at him.

Wiggin was arrayed in a pair of knickerbockers and a Roman toga and had on his head the helmet of a Roman soldier. In this costume he looked even more weazened than before, but his eyes were sparkling and he seemed perfectly at ease.

"I can't make him out," said Mr. Temple, as Wiggin strode off between Bert and the stage manager.

"He's the strangest specimen I ever ran up against. I'm not altogether sure that I ought to trust him."

"He must have been strapped completely to steal a ride," said Hinton, "but it beats me why he should have honored us with his company, unless it is that he is familiar with the normal condition of the actor and suspected us of being sympathetic with his impecunious condition."

"That's as good an explanation as any one has suggested so far," said Mr. Temple, laughing; "but perhaps the true reason will develop before the day is over. Miss Marlowe has already cast a spell over him which may force him to confess. The only thing I'm glad of is that he didn't blow up the baggage."

"He may have intended to all right," was the property man's answer, "and gee! That gives me a pointer! Perhaps he has left

a dynamite cartridge in there! Coming from Cleveland as he did, who knows but that he may be one of those blood-thirsty rioters with a fad for explosions!"

"It wouldn't be a bad plan to look over the stuff," said Mr. Temple, seriously. "I'd like to get at the private trunks of the company, anyway. The only ones we've gotten out so far are full of wardrobes."

"I'll get one of the trainmen to help me," said Hinton, turning back. "Dick seems to be all right, but Bill is as sharp as a butcher. He hasn't got over having to open that car—he was chewing nails when I left him!"

"Oh, he's only a surly brute! There are lots like him," said Mr. Temple. "A good-natured trainman is as rare as an amiable stage-manager—but I must go nearer to the stage, Hinton. I want to hear how Wiggin reads his part."

The new member of the cast was holding his manuscript gracefully and, just as the manager came up, he read several lines very creditably.

The company were all watching him closely, but he was not at all abashed, and as he put in the "business" that his part called for, he strode the ties dramatically.

"He's been on the boards before, all right," whispered Mr. Temple to Marion. "He's got feeling for the *rôle*, and he'll make up for it splendidly. As like as not we have secured a treasure!"

"A very unique one," laughed Marion, "but so much the better! His appearance can be laid to the eccentricity of genius."

Mr. Temple turned to her and his voice grew gentle.

"You are wonderfully gifted," he almost whispered. "You have beauty as well as talent, Miss Marlowe, and these, combined with your sweetness and goodness, make you a rare woman."

Marion blushed with pleasure because the words were honest. The next moment Mr. Temple had turned his back upon the others and was speaking even more softly.

"Oh, Miss Marlowe—Marion! If you only knew how I love you! I have told you often enough, but I am sure you do not comprehend it! Am I never, never to be rewarded?"

Miss Allyn was declaiming now in a loud voice, and all eyes were fixed upon her, so Marion's embarrassed glance was not noticed by the others.

"If I only could love you I should be so happy," she said, honestly, "but I seem to be fated to know nothing of love. I guess I am to die an old maid, Mr. Temple!"

A mischievous smile had crept into her face, but Mr. Temple's answer was almost vehement.

"Never! You are too sweet—too altogether lovely!" he whispered, sharply. "You will shine like a star in some good man's heart, Marion! It would be unjust and cruel if you were never a wife! A good man would be wronged and the whole world would be the loser!"

The young girl looked startled, for the words had been spoken fiercely. As she glanced up at her manager, she seemed to understand. His feelings had been stirred to their depths, he could not restrain them.

"I doubt if I shall ever marry," she tried to say, calmly. "At least, not until I have accomplished a great deal. I should wish to be a woman that a husband would be proud of. It is not right, in my opinion, to marry until you can take something to your husband."

"But you have beauty, sweetness, talent," began Mr. Temple. "Oh, can't you see, Marion, that you are all that could be desired? The man who would wish more would be a blind egotist or an idiot!"

Marion smiled very weakly—she hardly

knew what to say. It was a relief to hear her cue and be obliged to leave him.

As she crossed the rail to her place on the extraordinary stage her overstrained nerves made her burst out laughing.

"Oh, I'll never be able to speak a line," she cried, nervously. "How in the world could you do so nicely, Alma? Why, the whole thing is so funny that I can't be serious. I'm ashamed of myself, but I really can't help it!"

"There's the train! Rehearsal is over!" yelled Deering at that minute, and almost before he spoke every one heard the shriek of a whistle.

"You'll remember your promise to keep mum, won't you, Mr. Temple?" asked Wiggin, running up to the manager. "I'll do your dual *rôle*, and do it properly, but for heaven's sake don't turn me over as a common vagrant!"

He spoke to Mr. Temple, but he was looking at Marion.

"We'll protect you, Mr. Wiggin," said the young girl, quickly, "and in return we expect you to treat us loyally."

A dark red flush crossed the weazened face. He tried to answer, but not a single word came. As the young girl's honest glance studied him, his own eyes wavered suspiciously.

CHAPTER V.

THE ESCAPE OF WIGGIN.

For the next two hours the members of the company watched with interest while the "repair wagon," as Bert called it, mended the track and filled in the wash-out.

It only took a short time for the clothing to dry, so, by the time their own engine came along to pick up the train, the ladies of the company again wore their own traveling costumes.

Wiggin, on the contrary, had helped himself to some garments belonging to one of the "supes," which, while they were not so "stagy" as his Roman toga, were still extraordinary enough to disguise him thoroughly.

"It is very evident that he doesn't want to be known," said Bert to Mr. Temple, just as the engine was coupling on the baggage car.

"Of course, I can understand that he doesn't want any one belonging to the train to know he stole a ride, but what's to hinder our two trainmen from telling it?"

"That strikes me as very peculiar," was Mr. Temple's answer. "I am sure that Dick was genuinely surprised at his appearance, but that ugly brute, Bill, did not seem specially astonished.

"There he is now, holding an animated conversation with his Wigginship!" said Bert, softly. "They are both 'chewing the rag' all right, but it looks mighty suspicious."

"Well, there's one thing sure, Wiggin couldn't have dropped that paper," said Mr. Temple, laughing. "He was shut up in the baggage car and couldn't even see daylight. Whoever dropped that warrant was outside, that is certain."

"What is your opinion of Olcott?" asked Bert, as that actor stuck his head out of a window to see what was going on.

"A light-headed sort of a fellow—mischief-making perhaps, but not vicious," was the answer. "I doubt if he would ever be entrusted with such an errand—he does too much talking."

"Well, I feel pretty certain that Hinton and Gray are innocent," said Bert, "and, as Dr. Brookes is out of the question, there is no one left but Denny the 'supe' and those two trainmen."

"Denny didn't do it! He's too loyal to Miss Marlowe!" said Mr. Temple, promptly. "Let me see, Jackson, who went back with the engine? Only three men, I am sure, the engineer, fireman and conductor."

"All first-rate fellows without an ounce of sneak in their composition," said Bert, decidedly. "I rode down on the engine, and I'll swear by those fellows."

"Then it resolves itself upon the two trainmen," said Mr. Temple, slowly, "and, as it can't be Dick, it must be the other."

"There they go, he and Wiggin, down to look at the engine! I'd give a dollar to hear what they are talking about."

"Are we really going, Bert?" called out Marion, at that minute. She was just coming from the car, leading little Ruby.

Mr. Temple went forward to meet her and took the little girl in his arms.

"Going in fifteen minutes, Miss Marlowe," he said, smilingly. "That will bring us into Columbus at about half-past two."

"Then Wiggin will be satisfied," said Marion, brightly. "Poor fellow, he was determined to walk to Columbus."

She told Mr. Temple what the fellow had said, and, just as she finished, Miss Allyn joined them.

"What is the nearest stop, Mr. Temple?" she asked, anxiously, as she came up. "I'm positively famished; will we ever have any luncheon?"

Mr. Temple consulted his watch.

"In about an hour you will be able to satisfy the inner man, Miss Allyn—that is, if we don't discover any more wash-outs," he said, cheerfully.

"Or if the baggage car doesn't blow up and wreck the train," suggested Miss Allyn. "Somehow I can't get it out of my head that Wiggin isn't a rioter! I must have explosions on the brain, I'm so suspicious."

"Hello! The atmosphere down by the engine seems to be sulphurous!" exclaimed Mr. Temple, suddenly. "Just look at Wiggin and Bill—they are having it hot and heavy!"

All three looked quickly in the direction indicated, and it did seem for a minute as though a fight was pending.

Bill, the trainman, was shaking his fist at Wiggin, and the little fellow was talking back to him as though he were daring Bill to hit him, but, in spite of their belligerent attitudes, both were talking softly, a fact which all four of the onlookers took to be significant.

"They are quarreling all right, but they are mighty still about it," said Mr. Temple, as he took Bert's arm and started slowly toward the engine. "I wouldn't be surprised a bit if Bill knew he was in the car, and the little fellow was blaming him for unlocking it. Still, he is certainly better off at liberty than he was shut up. He is being protected from the railroad company, and there's a position open for him if he can fill it."

"I guess they've settled the matter without bloodshed," said Bert, who had been watching the two while Mr. Temple was talking. "There goes Wiggin over to talk to the conductor, and Bill has apparently decided to go about his business."

There was a warning toot from the engine which told that the train was ready to move, and in an instant the members of the company came running from all directions.

"All aboard!" shouted Bert; "and don't forget to buy new tickets! You can't expect the railroad to give you transportation, a wash-out, a rainstorm and a picnic, all for one fare!"

They ought to pay us for riding on their old road," said Miss Ellis, promptly. "Why, one trip through this country is enough to give a person nervous prostration! I'll be profoundly thankful if we ever get to Columbus!"

"And I shall be happy when we get where I can see a bill of fare!" called out Miss Allyn, as she sprang up the steps

"How it is with you, Marion?" asked Bert,

as the beautiful star of the company held out her hand for him to assist her into the car. "The rest of the crowd are all kicking about something; what is your particular grievance against the railroad and the country?"

Marion poised herself on the top step and looked back at him with a smile.

"The country is beautiful, only I can't say that I am in love with hurricanes, exactly," she said, gayly, "and as for the railroad company, they can't help the wash-outs. The only thing that worries me is the appearance of Wiggin. His general look as well as his extraordinary entrance upon the Temple Theatrical Company's stage is so peculiar that it is almost uncanny!"

"Don't let it worry you a bit!" said Bert, promptly. "He's harmless enough, even if he is uncanny. We'll keep an eye on him, you bet, until he has established his reputation."

"Well, you'll have to get a telescope if you intend to keep your eye on him many minutes longer!" exclaimed Mr. Temple, suddenly.

"Quick, Bert! Look sharp! Isn't that Wiggin on the wrecking train? He's cut us dead and is going back, as sure as I am living."

Both Marion and Bert gazed in surprise as he pointed.

The "repair wagon" was well under way and steaming back in the direction from which they had come and, sure enough, there was Wiggin grinning back at them from the engine.

"That settles it! He is a liar and a rascal!" cried Bert. "He told me over and over that he must go to Columbus! Now the fellow has deliberately gone back where he came from!"

"He told me he had to be in Columbus at ten to-night," said Marion, thoughtfully, "and he promised me faithfully that he would be loyal to Mr. Temple! Oh, I am more than disappointed to see such lack of principle!"

The young girl's eyes flashed with the sentiment of disgust. She could hardly comprehend the depths of such depravity.

"Well, I, for one, am mighty glad he has gone!" cried Miss Allyn, in a tone of relief. "Now, if some one would only assure me that he has left no dynamite cartridges behind him, I'd feel as easy as it is possible to feel on an empty stomach!"

"I'll have the baggage car looked over if I can, just to reassure you," laughed Mr. Temple; "but we are off, Miss Allyn, so if there is to be an explosion it will come in a minute. There's no nitro-glycerine on earth that will stand this jolting."

CHAPTER VI.

THE SEARCH WARRANT.

"Columbus, at last! And right on time, nit! Thank goodness, that steady-by-jerk ride is ended!"

Bert sprang off of the train as it pulled in at the station, and, as he spoke, he held out his hand to the *ingénue*, Miss Ellis.

"I feel as if I was dislocated all over," said the young girl, laughing. "Thank Heaven, there is an hour to rest in before rehearsal! I need it, I can tell you, and so does Miss Marlowe."

"Marion does look a little fagged out," said Bert, as the star appeared upon the platform.

"I am tired, but an hour's rest will fix me all right," laughed Marion. "I'm only too thankful to get here without any more delays or dangers!"

"And I'm glad to get anywhere at all," laughed Alma Allyn. "I've been holding my breath ever since the departure of Wiggin, for fear that my anatomy would be scattered all over the country."

"I guess he was harmless after all," said

Mr. Temple, coming up. "The baggage car is very nearly unloaded now and everything seems all right. If I could explain his action in going back I should feel easy about Wiggin!"

"What's going on down there, anyway?" asked Bert, nodding toward the baggage car. "There are two fellows talking with our trainman who look for all the world like detectives."

The whole company was on the platform now, and they all looked as Bert spoke.

Bill, the trainman, was standing near the door of the baggage car, engaged in what seemed to be an important conversation with two shrewd-looking fellows.

"I'll just saunter down that way. Come on, Miss Ellis," said Bert, softly; "we'll walk by as unconcernedly as though we did not know they were on earth, and, perhaps, we can catch a few words. I am just dying of curiosity."

He winked at Mr. Temple as he spoke, and the manager nodded approvingly. The next minute Bert was walking by the group at the baggage car talking animatedly to Miss Ellis.

"You'll have to get out another! I tell you I've lost it!"

Bill said the words in a low voice, but Bert caught them distinctly.

"So he is the guilty party. Well, I surmised it," thought Bert, but he did not say a word, only listened politely to his companion's chatter. As they walked back a moment later, Bert heard another sentence. It was spoken by one of the men whom he had taken for detectives.

"Then I'll have to use the search warrant first, and arrest her after. Do you know her private trunk, Bill? If you do, point it out to us!"

Bert excused himself to Miss Ellis and wheeled around suddenly, at the same time beckoning for Mr. Temple to join him.

"Whose trunk are you intending to search, gentlemen?" he asked, coolly. "If it belongs to a member of this company, you will please show your warrant."

One of the men pulled a paper from his pocket and handed it to Bert, who in turn passed it over to the manager.

"A search warrant to examine Miss Marlowe's trunks!" he said, disgustedly. "Did you ever in your life hear of anything so impudent?"

"What is the meaning of this?" asked Mr. Temple, angrily. "Who accuses Miss Marlowe of stealing jewelry?"

The man's only reply was to turn to the trainman, but the fellow slunk back and grew as red as a poppy.

"Well, why don't you speak out, if you have anything to say?" asked Mr. Temple, glaring at the fellow. "What do you know about this matter, anyway?"

The fellow hemmed and spluttered for a minute before he answered, and then blurted out some sort of an explanation.

"I used to be a process-server once, and—well, I was given a paper to serve on Miss Marlowe, but—but——"

"But you lost the paper, so you couldn't serve it! Is that what you told the detective, Bill Jenkins?"

"That is what he told me, but I thought he was lying," said the detective, grimly. "I know nothing about the matter, sir, except that I got this warrant from headquarters, with instructions to examine Miss Marlowe's trunks. I was told that she would be served with the other paper before she got to Columbus."

"Well, she hasn't been served, and you must not touch her trunks!" burst out Bert, impulsively. "It is bad enough to call Miss Marlowe a thief, but it would be adding insult to injury to touch her belongings!"

There was a half-suppressed cry as Bert said the words, for the rest of the company, with Miss Marlowe in the lead, had walked quickly across the platform and were right behind him.

"Who dares call Miss Marlowe a thief?" asked Dr. Brookes, striding forward, angrily.

"No one calls her a thief, mister," answered one of the detectives, more mildly. "We are only officers who are under orders. We were told that Miss Marlowe had stolen jewelry in Cleveland from an actress by the name of Miss Chester; that she would be arrested on the train by another detective, and we were provided with a search warrant to go through her trunks, and that we are

obliged to do; we have no option in the matter!"

"You shan't touch them!" cried Bert, his face flaming with anger. "Warrant or no warrant, I'll knock down the first fellow that tries it!"

"Hold on, Jackson," said Mr. Temple, "you can't go against the law! It's not very pleasant, but it will be over in a minute. Of course, you understand that Miss Chester is only trying to make trouble, but Miss Marlowe will soon be able to clear herself of suspicion!"

He turned to his star as he spoke, and the young girl stepped quietly forward.

"Certainly, you may search my trunks! The sooner the better! Here are the keys! It does not seem possible that any one could be so vile as to place me in a position like this, but, as Mr. Temple says, the law must not be interfered with!"

She held out the keys as she spoke, and pointed to her trunk.

As the detective looked into her face he seemed moved with pity.

"I'd give a ten-dollar bill not to have to do it, miss," he said, politely, "but, unfortunately, it is my bread and butter; still, as your manager says, it will be over in a minute."

"And my enemy will be defeated, I trust," said Marion, sadly. "Oh, Miss Chester! How revengeful she is, and yet I tried to befriend her!"

"You did, indeed," said Mr. Temple, moving a little nearer. "She must have a vicious disposition to resort to a trick like this, but, you can mark my words, I will find a way to punish her!"

"I'll square it with her if it takes to my dying day!" muttered Bert. "Oh, I'll get even sometime with the wicked creature!"

Dr. Brookes said nothing, but his face was very pale. He was watching the movements of the detective, as he turned over the contents of the trunk in a half-hearted manner.

Suddenly Alma Allyn moved close to him and whispered in his ear:

"Do look at Bill, the trainman, doctor! If he had brought the charge himself, he could not look more guilty!"

The doctor raised his eyes and took a swift glance at the man, but just at that moment something happened that distracted his attention.

"A brooch, star-shaped, and containing seven small diamonds. The setting is Roman gold and there is a heart-shaped opal in the center."

One of the detectives was reading from a paper in his hand, and his companion stood with Marion's jewel-box open on the upper tray of the trunk before him.

Every member of the company waited in breathless silence, except the young girl who had been accused; she was smiling pleasantly.

"There is the article," said the detective, picking a brooch out of the case before him. "That answers the description, I think, Mr. Temple."

He held it up so that every one could see it.

It was a brooch that they all had seen before, and there was not one of the group who could not identify it as belonging to Miss Chester.

CHAPTER VII.

ANOTHER ARREST.

Marion's cry of astonishment was echoed by every member of the company, but, in another instant, they had all gathered around as if to protect her.

"There is treachery here!" cried Mr. Temple, hotly. "Some one has been making a victim of poor Miss Marlowe!"

"And the culprit is our friend, Wiggin, unless I am much mistaken," added Dr. Brookes, quickly. "That explains the fellow's presence in the baggage car! Just look at that lock, Mr. Officer! Can't you see that it has been tampered with?"

The detective bent down and studied the lock carefully.

"You're right, young man! It has been taken off and put back! And a clumsy job, too, in my opinion!"

Dr. Brookes made haste to tell them about Wiggin, and, as he talked, every one could see that Bill, the trainman, was very uneasy. Quite a crowd had gathered around

the members of the company and their baggage now, and Mr. Temple was beginning to wonder how he should get his ladies away safely, when the other officer moved close to him and tapped him on the shoulder.

"I think I can see through this whole thing, sir," he said, softly. "Bill Jenkins used to be one of us, in a way, only he belonged to a different agency, so I can't say anything without proof, but, after we have arrested Miss Marlowe, the rest will be easy."

Mr. Temple shuddered. The words hurt him cruelly; still, he felt sure that the detective had solved the mystery in his own mind, and he was disposed to yield to his advice in the matter.

He tried to explain the situation to Marion, but could only speak with difficulty. The poor girl's face was so pale that he felt alarmed for fear that she was about to faint from the shock of such a hideous accusation.

But the brave girl smiled back into his face, and her voice was calm and she answered:

"I am sure it will all be explained very soon," she said, pleasantly, "so, please, don't any of you worry a bit. I will go with the officers and trust to them and you to clear me!"

"And we'll do it, too!" cried Bert, who was boiling over with indignation. "We'll find that fellow Wiggin and make him wriggle, you bet! Oh, I wish I had carried out my first intention and ducked him!"

"We'll catch him, if he is above ground," said Dr. Brookes, hotly. "I'll set the police force in Cleveland to work this minute!"

He darted toward the telegraph office in the station as he spoke, and Bert was about to follow him, but Mr. Temple moved a step toward him and spoke a few words softly.

"Bill is scared to death! Look at him, Jackson! He knows more about Wiggin than he is telling."

"Oh, it was a put up job and they were the two accomplices without doubt," was Bert's answer; then he stopped a moment and did some hard thinking.

One of the officers had ordered a carriage at Mr. Temple's request, and now Marion and Alma Allyn were about to enter it.

"I am going with her," said Mr. Temple, turning. "Keep your eye on Bill, I am sure he is the proper fellow to watch. Don't let him get out of your sight for a single minute."

"You bet I won't! And woe be unto him if I find that he is anything worse than a detective. I can't understand his part in the business."

"We'll understand it better soon," was Mr. Temple's low answer. "That detective will set us straight about him, I'm sure of it."

He walked over to the carriage and took a seat beside Marion, after giving a few instructions to the other members of the company.

"I'll be at the theatre in an hour," he called out as the driver moved over on his seat to make room for the detective, "and, if nothing fails, I'll bring Miss Marlowe with me. She shall never go into a cell, if I can prevent it."

"I should say not," called back Bert, with a significant look. "That must not happen—you understand, Mr. Temple."

The manager nodded his head and Marion leaned over and smiled.

"Dear old Bert! He'd spend his last penny to keep me from suffering any such indignity," she said, softly, "but I am sure they will not detain me when they hear my story. Wiggin must have done it, but what on earth made him?"

"Money probably! That is what makes most people commit crimes," snapped Miss Allyn. "Why, you have an excellent suit for damages, if you can ever catch the fellow; but that's where the trouble lies—we will never catch him."

"We will, if the Cleveland police force is any good," said Mr. Temple, thoughtfully. "I know for a certainty that the wrecking train had to stop at two places on its way back. At the least calculation they'll not be in before four o'clock to-day. The question is—will Wiggin stick to it or will he leave it at one of the smaller stations?"

"Leave it, of course! I tell you, we'll never lay eyes on his little shriveled phiz again!" cried Miss Allyn. "Oh, I just hate myself for ever treating him civilly. I was sure he'd blow up the train, but now he has done worse. He has actually tried to blow up Marion's character!"

Marion burst out laughing. Her friend's words were so funny. The sound of her merriment cheered them all considerably.

"Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen," said the detective, looking into the carriage door before mounting to his seat, "but I just want to say that I know Miss Marlowe is innocent. No thief or criminal of any sort could laugh like that!"

"That isn't bad for a detective," laughed Mr. Temple, as Marion looked up and smiled. "You fellows are not usually credited with having much poetry in your souls, but it is evident that your profession has not spoiled your appreciation of music."

"No, nor my love of pretty women," said the detective, laughing, "although it is the pretty women that get into the most mischief. Their vanity leads them to steal, I guess.

Poor things, I always pity them, even though I may know them to be guilty."

"I think you must be a very good man," said Marion, looking up at his face again. "It is a great pity, sir, that you should be a detective. Would not some other vocation be far more congenial?"

"I hardly think so, miss," was the officer's slow answer. "One side of the detective business is not so bad. We fellows are able to right a good many wrongs, and the end justifies the means, in my opinion. Now, in this case, for instance, I expect to do some pretty clever work. I expect to bring to bag at least three criminals, and I may be able to catch another class of bird, the fellow that paid the bill for that Miss Chester's manœuvre."

"By Jove! That is so! Wiggin must have been paid for that trip in the baggage car!"

"And Miss Chester had no money! Why, even her old brooch is not valuable! It isn't worth a penny over forty or fifty dollars!"

"Not much of a figure to risk one's reputation on," laughed Mr. Temple. Then he turned suddenly and looked at Marion. The young actress' eyes were snapping as though she had just thought of something and, as the detective sprang upon the box, she called out to him, softly:

"Oh, please get down a minute, sir; I want you to do something for me," she said, rapidly. "I want you to arrest Bill Jenkins for complicity in the breaking open of my trunk. He was in charge of the baggage car and he is responsible. Wiggin could not have done it without his permission!"

The others stared at her, but the detective laughed heartily.

"A clever idea, miss! It will be as good as a counter charge. I'll go over and arrest him on suspicion, if you say so?"

He asked the question of Mr. Temple, but he was looking at Marion.

The young girl had charmed him with her beauty and shrewdness.

"Do so, by all means! I will make the charge," said the manager. "That car contained my property and he had the key. Arrest Bill Jenkins at once, Mr. Officer!"

CHAPTER VIII.

IMPRISONED.

Five minutes later the second detective was in charge of Bill Jenkins, and the whole party was on the way to police headquarters. A crowd of boys followed them until the carriages were out of sight, but, when they reached headquarters, another crowd lined the sidewalks.

"Hello! My advance agent has been doing good work here!" laughed Mr. Temple, as he saw a large lithograph of Marion staring him in the face, just as he alighted from the carriage. "I've seen nothing but our bills ever since we left the station. They have blossomed on every fence and blank wall in Columbus!"

"Yes, and I've seen two or three of the new posters, too, Mr. Temple!" laughed Miss Allyn. "I did not say anything because you were talking, but, really, that scene where Marion is being thrown from the train is a clever bit of advertising! The only trouble is, people will never believe it!"

"Yes they will, if they read the papers," said Mr. Temple, quickly. "The advance agent has had the whole thing written up in the Columbus papers in the past two days. He gave a detailed account of Miss Marlowe's experiences since we started. It was cleverly done and has made the public wild to see her."

"They may not wish to see me, now that I am accused of being a thief," murmured Marion, as she stepped to the sidewalk. "Oh, do see the people stare! This is awful, Mr. Temple!"

The manager turned quickly and offered her his arm. He would have given the world to have been able to shield her.

"Pshaw, Marion! What do you care! You are used to an audience! It isn't because of this last unpleasantness that the people want to see you!" whispered Miss Allyn, thoughtfully. "Why, it's ten to one they haven't half of them even heard of it! They know you are Marion Marlowe, and that is sufficient!"

"It will be a good ad., miss, if you can only look at it that way," said the detective, as he led the way into the station-house. "I'll have you out of this in a jiffy—that is, if the sergeant isn't sulky."

"Dear me! Does justice depend upon the state of a man's liver?" asked Miss Allyn, disgustedly. "If it does, let us hope that he is in good health this morning."

"Justice the world over depends upon somebody's state of feelings," said Mr. Temple. "The very laws themselves speak eloquently of that fact! I know several laws that are distinctly bilious."

"And others that are measly!" laughed Miss Allyn, as she mounted the steps beside Marion.

The next moment another carriage drove up and the second detective came in with his prisoner, Bill Jenkins.

Mr. Temple made his statement, and Miss Allyn corroborated him, but the sergeant shook his head—he would not release Marion.

"Caught red-handed," he muttered, in an ugly voice. "The jewel was found in her trunk—that's what I call good evidence."

"But that fellow Wiggin must have put it in there," urged Mr. Temple, again. "Remember, sergeant, he was for hours in the car. This detective will swear that the lock had been tampered with!"

"Bosh! A detective will swear to anything," was the surly answer. "The girl will have to be locked up—that's all there is about it. If you can prove that the other fellow did it the judge will let her off in the morning. It's my duty to lock her up, and I'm going to do it."

"Will you accept cash bail?" asked Mr. Temple, eagerly. "I have no real estate in the city, but I can get cash in an hour. Name the amount and then let Miss Marlowe sit in your office until I can get it."

"Prisoners all treated alike in this ranch," snarled the sergeant, angrily. "I don't make no exceptions, ain't allowed to do so! She has got to be locked up, and that's all there is about it! Remove the woman, officer, and let's hear that other fellow's story."

Mr. Temple put his arm around Marion's waist, but neither of them moved, and, as the detective pushed Bill Jenkins toward the desk, Alma Allyn stepped in front of him.

"You are a brute, sir!" she said, distinctly, looking the sergeant squarely in the eye. "Shame on you for your treatment of an innocent young girl! How would you like some other brute to treat your daughter in this manner?"

The question struck home, and for once the fellow's eyes wavered, but, at that moment, Bill Jenkins took a step forward and laid his hand on the railing.

"I can tell my story in a very few words," he said, hoarsely. "I used to be a detective before I begun running on the train, and I still wear the badge of a deputy marshal. I was asked to arrest that actress on the train simply because the woman she stole the pin from will be in Columbus to-day, and she wanted the whole business done in this city. I lost the paper and couldn't serve it. As for the fellow in the baggage car, I know nothing about him! He was a stowaway, fair and square. That's all there is about it."

"This man carried the key and was in charge of the baggage car. I claim that he was responsible, and I insist upon your holding him, sergeant!" said Mr. Temple.

"No grounds for holding him! His story is straight enough," was the sergeant's answer. "If you want him again, you'll have to get out a warrant. Now oblige me, if you please, by letting go of that prisoner!"

Mr. Temple's arm fell slowly from Marion's waist as a uniformed policeman came striding up to her.

"Please don't feel so badly, Alma," said Marion, turning to her friend.

"Really, I'm not a bit afraid to be locked in a cell. I am sure it will all be made right in a few hours, and this will only add one more to my list of experiences."

"Oh, Marion, if I could only stay with you!" cried Miss Allyn, with a sob in her voice.

Bill Jenkins had shuffled out of the station-house while Marion was speaking, and the next moment the policeman tapped the young girl sharply on the shoulder.

"Come this way, miss," he said, pulling a big iron key from his pocket.

"Great Heaven! How horrible! Oh, it must not be, Mr. Temple!" cried Miss Allyn. "Marion must not be locked up! Is there no way to prevent it?"

"I'll give you five hundred dollars out of my own pocket to release her!" said Mr. Temple, to the sergeant. "Quick, will you accept my bribe, you miserable tyrant?"

Marion Marlowe had reached the threshold of the door that led to the prison, and, as the sergeant hesitated, she turned back, her eyes shining brightly.

"Don't! Don't blacken your soul with any worse sins!" she called out, in her ringing voice. "Heaven knows you are brutal enough and unjust enough! Don't fall any lower by accepting a bribe, sir!"

A dark, red flush mantled the sergeant's face. As he gazed at the beautiful girl, he came slowly to his senses.

Advice like this was unusual to his ears, and it was more remarkable still, coming as it did from a prisoner.

He opened his lips to speak, but Marion stopped him with a gesture.

"I would not accept my freedom at your hands now, sir," she said firmly. "I will let this matter go through the courts, and, in the end, we shall see who will wield the sceptre of Justice!"

There was a sharp click of a key and the door was closed upon her.

Beautiful Marion Marlowe was to spend the day in a prison cell—perhaps the night. All depended on the efforts of her indignant companions.

CHAPTER IX.

A DOUBLE GAME.

Mr. Temple and Miss Allyn were several blocks from the station house when Alma suddenly jerked his coat sleeve sharply.

"Look! There is Bill Jenkins on the cor-

ner! Stop a minute, Mr. Temple! He is waiting for some one. Don't let him see you!" she said, excitedly.

Mr. Temple drew back quickly and both stepped into a doorway. A minute later they saw Miss Chester coming up a side street leaning on the arm of a flashily-dressed man.

"She's here, just as Jenkins said," muttered Mr. Temple, as he watched them. "Now we'll see what happens when she catches sight of Jenkins. If he speaks to her, I shall know he is guilty!"

"She doesn't apparently know him," said Miss Allyn, with her eyes fixed on the face of the late member of the company.

"She is going right by. Oh, no she isn't! Her companion knows Jenkins. Ah! Now we've got it, Mr. Temple!"

"I guess you are right," said the manager, and then both drew back as far as they could and watched the trio sharply.

"The flashy chap has introduced them," whispered Miss Allyn, under her breath; then a little cry escaped her as she saw Miss Chester's companion hand the trainman some money.

"That settles it!" said Mr. Temple. "They hired him to do the job! No doubt, Miss Chester's escort knew the fellow. If so, he's at the bottom of the whole transaction."

"There goes Jenkins with a smile on his face," whispered Miss Allyn again; "and to think that poor Marion is locked up in a cell! Oh, I wish I was a man! I'd strangle the fellow!"

"Hold on, Miss Allyn! He's liable to get strangled by a boy!" laughed Mr. Temple, as he bent a little forward.

"Unless I am much mistaken, that is Bert Jackson over in that store, looking out of the window. He's got his eye on Jenkins, so we'll keep ours on the other two culprits."

"Then we'd better move, for they are making for that restaurant," was Miss Allyn's answer, and the two started slowly down the street, keeping at a safe distance from the couple that they were following.

Mr. Temple waited until Miss Chester and her friend had passed into the restaurant: then he held a whispered conversation with the head waiter, whom he found standing in the entrance to the building. A bill passed between them and in a very short time the manager of the Temple Theatrical Company was seated at the very next table to the actress whom he had discharged, but the tables were separated by a heavy curtain.

"I hate to play eavesdropper," began Mr. Temple, softly, as he and Miss Allyn seated themselves.

"The end justifies the means in this case. I don't hate to do it a little bit," broke in Miss Allyn, hotly.

Then they both sat still and listened, as a familiar voice came through the folds of the curtain.

"Thank goodness I'm square with the whole push!" said Miss Chester, coarsely. "I'll teach them to monkey with an artist like me! So Marion Marlowe is locked up! Say, but that is rich, isn't it, Johnny!"

"And you have me to thank for it, Miss Sugarplums!" retorted a vulgar voice. "How would you have done it, old girl, if it hadn't been for my money?"

"Well, why shouldn't you spend your money, I'd like to know! Don't suppose I'd waste time on you if you didn't, do you, sonny."

There was a popping of corks and the click of glasses, and Miss Allyn glanced at her companion with a look of disgust upon her features.

"Just think of that creature making trouble for Marion! And she has made it all right, no mistake about it."

"If I could only find out Wiggin's part in the transaction," murmured Mr. Temple. "Of course, I know what it was well enough, but I must have proof, and it is impossible to get that until we can catch him."

"Dr. Brookes is working for that," said Miss Allyn, thoughtfully, "and you can bet he'll not leave a stone unturned! He's so desperately in love with Marion that he'll move heaven and earth to save her!"

Mr. Temple's face flushed as he answered, hastily:

"There are others who would do the same, if they could, Miss Allyn. I love Marion, too, but—well, you saw the sergeant."

"Oh, no power of earth, heaven or hell could move that man," snapped Miss Allyn; "still, I think he would have accepted your bribe if it hadn't been for Marion! Oh, how noble she is!" she added, enthusiastically; "and how grand she looked when she said that, Mr. Temple! I wish all the women in the world were just like Marion!"

"I don't," laughed Mr. Temple, with a little anxiety in his face. "If they were, we men would all have to move to another planet. The majority of the women are too good for us, as it is! We'd look sorrier yet if all the girls were like Miss Marlowe!"

There was a sudden cessation of the drinking and popping behind the curtain, and Miss Chester spoke again, her words this time making both Mr. Temple and his companion hold their breaths to listen.

"Just think of the old brute being so piggish!" said the actress. "Why, he said he wouldn't give the little fellow a cent just be-

cause he hollered when the baggage car was opened!"

"As if he wanted a lot of trunks coming down on his head! I reckon his quarters were uncomfortable enough, as it was," added her companion, laughing coarsely.

"Oh, well, that part of it doesn't concern us," was the answer. "You paid Jenkins for the job and he hired his assistant. He can pay him or not, that is for them to settle."

"Well, from what I know of the little fellow, he won't submit very tamely," said the man, again. "He'll come pretty near getting every cent that's due him. That's his reputation among the gang that knows him."

They began talking of other things, and Mr. Temple and his companion gazed at each other for an instant.

Then Alma Allyn leaned over the table and whispered softly:

"You go and get a detective at once, Mr. Temple! We must keep these people in sight until we need them. We know we are right now, so there's no need of delaying."

Mr. Temple rose without a word and spoke to the waiter.

"The lady will order and I'll be back in a minute."

The next second he was gone to hire his detective.

Alma Allyn ordered some light refreshment, but she could not eat, her heart was too heavy at the thought of Marion's misfortune.

When Mr. Temple came back there was a quiet-looking man just behind him, but the stranger ate his luncheon on the other side of the curtain where he could watch every movement of Miss Chester and her companion.

"I have sworn out a warrant for the arrest of Wiggin," whispered Mr Temple; "that is all we can do for the present, Miss Allyn."

CHAPTER X.

BERT'S STRATEGY.

As soon as they had finished their luncheon, Mr. Temple and Miss Allyn went straight to the theatre, where they found Dr. Brookes waiting impatiently in the lobby.

"Where is Marion?" he asked, quickly, the moment he saw them.

Miss Allyn's eyes flashed, and she did not wait for the manager to answer.

"Locked in a cell by the brute at the police station!" she burst out, angrily. "We said all we could, but it could not be prevented, and the worst of it is Bill Jenkins is at liberty!"

Dr. Brookes ground his teeth as he looked at Mr. Temple. He seemed to blame the manager for allowing them to imprison Marion.

"I couldn't help it, doc! I offered him five hundred dollars to let her go! But it is only for a few hours. I'll have her out in time for the performance this evening!"

He spoke so hopefully that the doctor's face brightened a little, and, as fast as she could, Miss Allyn told him what they had learned from Miss Chester and her escort.

"Then it all depends upon our catching Wiggin," he said, when she finished. "Well, I am afraid that is something which we shall never accomplish."

Both Miss Allyn and Mr. Temple stared at him, wonderingly.

"I have been in communication with the authorities at Cleveland," explained the doctor, sadly, "and they tell me there that Bill Jenkins is a detective. He belongs to an agency, and is only on the train for a bluff. In reality he is doing 'spotter' work for the railroad company."

"So much the worse for him!" said Mr. Temple, promptly. "The company would hardly approve of his working rascals into the baggage car by stealth and taking money from private individuals to pay him for doing so!"

"I should say not," said the doctor, thoughtfully. "Oh, if we could only find Wiggin! There was no one in Cleveland headquarters who knew anything about him."

"Well, Bill Jenkins knows where he is," said Miss Allyn, sharply, "and, moreover, he'll try hard to keep out of his assistant's way, if it is true what Miss Chester's companion said of Wiggin!"

"That is so! Wiggin will be hunting the trainman up to make him 'divvy' directly. I guess the surest way to catch Wiggin is to keep our eyes on Jenkins!"

"Here comes Bert!" cried Miss Allyn, as the young man came rushing into the lobby. "Oh, Bert, where did he go? We saw you watching him!"

Bert wiped his forehead with his handkerchief before he answered, and, as he took it down, they all saw a slight blood stain upon it.

"Hello, Jackson! What has happened?" asked Mr. Temple, quickly. "You've had a blow! Have you been scrapping with some one?"

Bert grinned from ear to ear as the doctor stepped forward and looked at the wound.

"It's nothing but a scratch! His knuckles grazed me a little!" laughed Bert. "I had him arrested for assault and he'll be held

until morning. I thought it was the safest way to keep him handy."

"But the sergeant will let him out," began Miss Allyn.

"Not much," laughed Bert. "I took pains to see that my scrap came off in another precinct. I made believe I was half killed, and, being only a boy, the sergeant roasted him for hitting me. I didn't let on how I sassed him to make him hit me!"

The others roared and Miss Allyn patted him on the shoulder.

"I'm going straight back to tell Marion; that is, if they will let me see her," she said, delightedly. "I mean to keep her posted on every step in the proceedings."

"Oh, I forgot this! Pray pardon me!" cried Bert, drawing a letter from his pocket. "I went over to the station-house, thinking I might find you there, and, when they told me Marion was locked up, I sent in a note to her. She answered my note and sent you this letter."

"And wouldn't they let you see her?" asked Miss Allyn, clutching the letter.

"I offered them everything I had in my clothes," said Bert, disgustedly. "The old curmudgeon could have been bribed if there hadn't been so many officers around. As it was, he was so honest that it made me weary."

Miss Allyn opened her letter and the tears rose to her eyes.

Marion was trying so hard to be brave that it was actually pathetic.

"Dear Alma, and all the rest of my friends," read Miss Allyn, as soon as she could control her voice; "really, I am having a jolly time in my prison cell. I have made the acquaintance of one charming drunk and disorderly, and there's a lunatic across the way who has taken me for the Virgin Mary, and is at this minute on her knees supplicating me in language that makes my blood run cold—it is a mixture of Irish-American, richly interlarded with profanity. When I get out of this extraordinary place I intend to write a story; so, of course, you understand that all this experience is valuable. I do hope Bert is not badly hurt. The dear boy wrote me a brief note telling me how he had secured Bill Jenkins. He's an improvement on Sherlock Holmes, isn't he, Alma? Now, don't worry about me, but just try and get me out. It will break my heart if I am not in time for the performance."

"The dear girl!" cried Miss Allyn, as she finished; "she is thinking only of the performance. She doesn't mind her own position, but she dreads to disappoint the public."

"It makes me frantic to think of her being shut up with such people! Come, doctor, we must do something! What shall it be?" cried Mr. Temple.

Dr. Brookes looked at his watch. The time had flown rapidly. As he studied it for a moment, he was thinking deeply.

"There's another train in from the northeast in two hours," he said, slowly. "If Wiggin is at all suspicious that Bill Jenkins is not going to pay him for his share in this business he may take the chance of coming after his boodle."

"It's not a bad suggestion! I'll have a detective at the station," said the manager, promptly, "and, meanwhile, I shall close the theatre and put up a sign. Not one of us will be in condition to give a performance this evening. If Miss Marlowe is at liberty, I shall insist upon her resting."

"I think you are right," said the doctor, quietly. "Now, if you will answer that note, I will deliver it, Miss Allyn. I am going to the place and I intend to see Marion."

"Heaven help the man that tries to stop you when you speak like that, doctor," said Miss Allyn, staring at him. "I'll run up to the dressing-room and write it this minute. I have some paper and a pencil in my pocket."

As she hurried away, Bert followed her slowly. His head really ached where Jenkins had hit him, and he wanted to be alone until he felt better.

"I'll speak to my man in the box-office this minute," said Mr. Temple. "All tickets sold to-day must be for to-morrow evening. When Marion is out and clear of that hideous charge, the public will probably be even more anxious to see her!"

He started toward the ticket-office just as a quietly-dressed man came into the lobby.

"The detective that I hired to watch Miss Chester," he explained to the doctor, then took a step forward and listened to the man eagerly.

"The woman's companion just got a telegram from Wiggin asking him about money," reported the sleuth-hound, softly. "The telegram is from Spencer, which is only twenty miles from Columbus, so it looks as if the fellow did not return to Cleveland."

"And was the telegram answered?" asked Mr. Temple, eagerly.

The detective gave a shrewd wink, which included the doctor, as he replied:

"Sure! The fellow wired him that Jenkins had the boodle and told him, furthermore, that the trainman had just been arrested."

"And what is your opinion of the outcome?" asked the doctor, quickly.

The detective winked again, but his reply showed great shrewdness.

"Naturally, Wiggin will come at once and demand his money. He probably knows that Jenkins will give up easier while he is safely in jail than he would if he was free and master of the situation. There's no doubt that Wiggin could hang him if he would. Oh, the fellow is bound to come at once for his money! He is desperate, I reckon. He hasn't a penny."

"But he might know that we'd be watching for him," said Mr. Temple.

"And you might watch until doomsday and never see him," laughed the detective. "Why, that fellow, Wiggin, is a corker from Corkersville. He'll be so well disguised that his own mother wouldn't know him!"

The two gentlemen looked at him questioningly, but the detective could not explain just then. There were several people coming into the lobby to purchase tickets.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BEST DETECTIVE.

When the train came in that was supposed to bear Wiggin there were no less than four members of the company carefully hidden out of sight in the waiting-room of the station, and no less than three detectives on the platform, one of whom was armed with a warrant for Wiggin.

Fourteen passengers alighted from the train—ten men and four women—and as they passed through the depot on the way to the street the detectives scrutinized their faces carefully.

All left immediately, except one woman who stopped at the news-stand to purchase a paper.

Mr. Temple was standing with Bert, Olcott and Miss Allyn in the darkest corner of the waiting-room; and, as the woman at the news-stand opened her purse to pay for the paper, one of the detectives came up to them.

"Our bird is not on that train, Mr Temple," he said, softly. "Those men were all business men right here in Columbus. There's not a sign of that scallawag, Wiggin."

"Did you look in the baggage car?" asked Miss Allyn, grimly. "You know that is his favorite place when traveling, Mr. Detective."

"Better take a peep into the engine," said Olcott, laughing. "Or, maybe, he is hidden in the coal! He is capable of anything."

"Hello, there's Dr. Brookes!" cried Bert, very softly. "He'll bring news from Marion without a doubt. No, he won't! Look, Miss Allyn! He's got her! He's got her!"

Bert was so excited that he raised his voice and the woman who had just bought the paper stopped short as if he had startled her.

Dr. Brookes came into the depot with a broad smile upon his face and Marion Marlowe leaned on his arm, her face radiant with pleasure.

As she caught sight of her friends she took a step forward. The next instant she came face to face with the woman who had just left the news-stand.

"Oh, Marion!"

Miss Allyn called her friend's name and then stood still half-way across the waiting-room.

Marion was standing like a statue, staring straight at the woman, who seemed unable to move for the space of a minute.

"What the dence is the matter?" asked Bert, springing forward.

With a disgusted exclamation one of the detectives passed him.

"Her eyes are sharper than ours," Bert heard him say, then Marion's quick voice rang out as clear as a bugle. "Quick, Dr. Brookes, Mr. Temple, or somebody! Arrest that fellow! That is Mr. Wiggin, dressed up as a woman!"

There was a general cry of surprise, and then Wiggin made a dash for liberty, but, in a second, Dr. Brookes had both arms around him and was holding him firmly.

As the detective sprang to his aid, there was the sharp report and flash of a pistol. A bullet whizzed past Marion and struck the wall, creating a small panic in the station.

In a second the smoking weapon was wrested from his grasp and Wiggin was almost shaken out of his borrowed garments.

The detective tore off the false hair and eye-glasses, and washed the "make up" from his face at the waiting-room fountain.

"You ought to have a medal, Miss Mar-

lowe," said one of the detectives, admiringly. "I've seen dozens of men in women's clothes, but this fellow acted so natural that I did not even suspect him!"

"Oh, Wiggin is an actor, all right," cried Bert. "He can do any old part, can't you, you slippery sinner?"

"Well, you'll have a *rôle* to play now that will suit the public perfectly. You'll have to play at breaking stones for the State for a few months or longer!"

Wiggin did not speak a word. He was a sorry-looking figure.

The detectives had not only sadly disarranged his finery, but they had nearly drowned him in their efforts at the fountain.

He raised his eyes once, but his glance fell upon Bert's angry face, and he found it convenient to close his eyes in a very sheepish manner.

Marion was standing with Miss Allyn's arm around her and, as soon as Wiggin was taken away by the detectives, Mr. Temple ordered a carriage and put them both into it.

Dr. Brookes got in with them and so did the manager; but Bert and Olcott accompanied the prisoner to the station-house to see that he was not allowed his liberty by some ignorant sergeant.

"Now, tell us how you did it, doctor," asked Miss Allyn, as she hugged Marion tightly. "Did you chloroform the old brute or hypnotize him, or what? I can't understand how you conquered the fellow."

Dr. Brookes laughed heartily as he looked lovingly at Marion.

He was envying Miss Allyn her privileges at that moment.

"Why, I caught him all alone in the office," he explained, with a look of disgust, "and, in spite of Marion's good advice, the fellow accepted my money. He argued that no one would miss her at court in the morning and, if they did, the arrest of Bill Jenkins would take the curse off. He was sure when he saw my cash that it was Jenkins who was guilty; and then, of course, as Marion was only arrested on suspicion and not on the original warrant, he felt justified in letting her go, so long as she left her address behind her."

The doctor made the explanation in a sarcastic voice, and, as he finished, Alma Allyn took up the same tone.

"It is wonderful how conscientious, merciful and just a man can be when he sees a good round sum coming his way, isn't it? But now, the next question is, how did you get Marion to leave the prison? It would be just like her to remain rather than allow you to bribe him."

She looked at the young girl eagerly and made an astonishing discovery. This was the first the young girl had heard of the method of her release, and her eyes were fixed upon the doctor in a reproachful manner.

Once more Dr. Brookes burst into a hearty laugh. For once, he was pleased to feel guilty under the young girl's glances.

"I told her a few fibs, I guess, Miss Allyn," he said, gayly. "'All is fair,' you know, 'in love and war.' I not only lied for her, but for those who love her!"

Miss Allyn reached over and grasped his hand.

"You did quite right, doctor! I am proud of you!" she exclaimed, delightedly. "You and Bert both deserve medals, and I shall see that you get them, but here we are at the hotel. Do let us adjourn to the parlor and hold a consultation of war as to what shall be done in this matter."

"One or two things have been done already," said the doctor, as they reached the parlor. "The detective that Mr. Temple hired has made a few discoveries. He says that when Miss Chester heard that the original warrant had been lost, she promptly swore out another, so Miss Marlowe is liable to be served with it at any minute, if we don't hide her."

"I'll lock her in her room at once," said Miss Allyn, rising. "Come, Marion, hurry! Don't let's take any chances."

The two girls rushed from the parlor, both laughing merrily and Mr. Temple and the doctor started to walk to the theatre.

When they reached the lobby they found a detective waiting for them.

He looked flushed and heated, but he smiled victoriously.

"We've bagged 'em all, now," he said, with a chuckle. "I've got Miss Chester in the House of Detention, and her friend is being shadowed. They'll both be forced to appear at court in the morning."

"Then I guess we can rest on our oars," laughed Mr. Temple. "We'll get the company all together and have a good supper, and then, for a change, we'll visit another theatre. Only Miss Marlowe must not be seen in public for a variety of reasons."

The doctor laughed. The strain was over now. The next morning would see the end of their present troubles.

And the young physician was right, for every man and woman concerned was in the court-room the next morning, Bert even walking in with one of the railroad officials.

Bill Jenkins and Wiggin, who proved to be father and son, were committed to jail on a double charge—one made by the railroad and the other by Mr. Temple. Miss Chester was roundly censured and advised to leave Columbus, while her friend was held for further examination, as the court considered him a dangerous person. Wiggin tried to brave it out, but one look at Marion's beautiful face shamed him. At the very last moment he made a full confession.

The Temple Theatrical Company filled a profitable engagement in the city, in spite of the fact that they forfeited one performance; and the story of the beautiful star's bad treatment only made her audiences more eager to see her.

THE END.

At Indianapolis, the next stopping place of the Temple Theatrical Company, Marion and her friends were to meet with the most serious adventures they had yet been through. What these were, and the way they were brought about, will be told in next week's My QUEEN (No. 18), the story being entitled, "Marion Marlowe in Indianapolis; or, The Adventure of Dr. Brookes."

PATTERN COLUMN.

By special arrangements with the manufacturers we are enabled to supply the readers of My QUEEN with the patterns of all garments described or illustrated in this column at TEN CENTS each. Address, "Pattern Column," My QUEEN, 236 William Street, New York City.

☞ *In ordering patterns be sure to give size and number.*

FASHION NOTES.

For street wear castor gloves are very neat and popular.

Bands of lace insertion alternated with tucked bands of gray silk form effective waists.

Among the novel features in millinery are soft felt hats in pale tints, trimmed with black velvet and flowers.

Red velvet applique designs, embroidered with gold, are the decoration on the bolero of a white taffeta silk waist.

No. 2388—A FLANNEL WAIST WITH YOKE.

This pretty design is particularly suitable for fine flannel, and is here shown in light brown flannel, with the yoke in tucked cream flannel. The lining is fitted by double bust darts, under-arm gores and back. Cashmere, chudda cloth, poplin, serge, taffeta or satin, would make up nicely in this style.

The pattern is cut in sizes 32 to 40 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires five and three-quarters yards of 21-inch, three and one-quarter yards of 27-inch or two yards of 42-inch material. As shown, one and five-eighths yards of 42-inch, with three-quarters of a yard of tucking.

No. 2407—RUSSIAN BLOUSE FOR MISSES.

A serviceable school suit and could be developed in this style from blue serge, which is always in good form. The blouse is arranged over a fitted lining.

The pattern is cut in sizes 12 to 16 years. Size 14 requires four and one-half yards of 42-inch material.

The design here presented is not only neat and graceful, but is becoming to young girls, and is extremely popular. The garment is easily made, and is within the ability of a needlewoman of average skill.

Questions and Answers

BY GRACE SHIRLEY

NOTE.—This department is a special feature of this publication, and it will be appreciated, we feel sure, by all our readers. It is conducted by Miss Shirley, whose remarkable ability to answer all questions, no matter how delicate the import, is well known. Readers of "MY QUEEN" need not hesitate to write her on any subject. Miss Shirley will have their interests at heart and will never refuse her assistance or sympathy. As all letters are answered only through the columns of "MY QUEEN," it is unnecessary to enclose stamps.

Do not be impatient if your letter does not appear as soon as you wish. Scores of letters have reached us ahead of yours, and these must be answered in the order in which they are received. Besides, the enormous circulation of "MY QUEEN" renders it necessary that we should have the letters in hand some time before the date of issue. All letters to "MY QUEEN" are answered, so your query and its answer is bound to appear in due time. STREET & SMITH.

"A young man whom I have known for about a year has been very nice and would like to go with me, but he thinks that I am engaged, as I have led him to believe so. We worked together about six months ago, and he asked me to go to several places with him, but I refused to go as I did not care for him at the time. I have seen him several times since and he almost stood still, but I would not stop. At last I am beginning to think that I love him. Now, if I only had a chance! Would it be right to stop and speak to him when we meet again, or how will I let him know that I am not engaged. I would like to have your opinion. MOLLIE L."

We are inclined to think that you deserve to lose his friendship altogether because of having allowed him to believe an untruth. People who deceive others rarely are happy. Their deception comes back upon their own heads some time. You can only tell the young man the truth and abide by the consequences, but we fear it will be a difficult matter to gain his confidence after having once misled him

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"Will you please tell me if you think sixteen is too young to love? I am in love with a fellow a great deal older than myself, and he wants me to marry him. Do you think I should? My parents have no objections. L. H."

We do not believe true love compatible with the indecision and impulsiveness of such extreme youth. True, our mothers and grandmothers, many of them, married at that age, but the fact that they finished their lives together does not prove by any means that the early unions were either wise or happy. If you are still in love with the young man at the age of eighteen, it may be safe for you to marry. As a rule, the man we love at sixteen does not arouse the same feeling at eighteen, and the man whom we thought we loved devotedly at eighteen is the last man we would dream of marrying at the age of twenty-five. We advise waiting until the age of discretion before taking so important a step as matrimony.

"I have been reading 'My Queen' since it first started. I have taken great interest in your answers to letters that have been written to you. I think no one could give better advice than you do. I have read a great many stories, but was never more interested than I am in 'Marion Marlowe.' I think she is just an angel. If all the girls could have her courage and look out for themselves, there would not be half the trouble and sorrow in the world that there is now. But girls like Marion are not very plentiful. I think she is very wise in waiting to chose her husband, but I think I should take Mr. Ray. EDITH B."

Thanks for your appreciation of "Marion Marlowe." It is the wish of both publisher and editor that Marion shall represent pure, courageous womanhood. Marion is not a prude, and she cannot entrench herself behind any barriers of conventionality. She is out in the world, like the majority of our readers, fighting the great battle of life single-handed. If her example will help other girls to be brave, honest and loyal, we shall feel that "My Queen" has accomplished its object. Archie Ray is certainly a very nice fellow, but, perhaps, Marion has guessed that "there are others," in which respect she is far wiser than any of the love-lorn maidens who think that the universe holds only one "nice" fellow.

"I am a young girl of fifteen and am in love with a very nice fellow. Do you think it is all right for me to go out in company with him, for my parents have no objections? M. B."

You are entirely too young to be keeping company with any young man, and also too young to be really in love, although you may fancy yourself to be so. We are surprised that your parents should be willing to see your impressionable heart tampered with at so early an age. They should reason with you and show you the folly of such youthful infatuations. All girls and most boys have them and, unless they are looked after sharply, they are apt to lead to sorrow and trouble.

"I have enjoyed the 'My Queen' series very much. I think both Marion Marlowe and the author are all right. Should I keep my engagement with a young lady who said she loved me? On my vacation she kept company with another young man. I returned unexpectedly and found this out. When she found I had returned, she quit the company of her new friend.

"W. W. L."

The fact that the young lady came back to you shows that she cares more for you. We advise you to give her another trial, but, if she keeps up the practice of filling your place whenever you are out of sight, we advise you to tell her plainly that you consider it best to break the engagement. She is probably not altogether sure of her own heart yet.

"I love one of the best girls in the world, but I am not quite sure that she loves me. I took her to the theatre and bicycle riding and everywhere. She laughs and seems to enjoy herself. What do you think best to do? I cannot give her up.

"Edward G."

Why do you not ask the young girl how she feels toward you? There is no other way of settling the question. Perhaps she is only waiting for you to speak. Do not ask her to engage herself to you unless you are of age and have sufficient means to provide for her.

"I have known a young man for the last four years by sight, and during the past year he has tried to speak to me and form my acquaintance in quite a few different ways. As I do not know any one who knows him, and the same with him, do you think it would be proper to speak to him, as I meet him every day? Please answer this as soon as possible. I am reading your book and would like your advice. G. M."

We can see no harm in your speaking to this young man, and, if he seems courteous and sensible, there is no reason why you should not talk with him on current topics. In passing through this life one cannot always carry conventionality with him and the "ships that pass in the night" are among the saddest features of life's busy panorama. If the young man shows himself to be undeserving of your courtesy and friendship you can easily drop him. Be dignified in your conversation with him, and we think the acquaintance will terminate satisfactorily, as the fact that he has not tried to force himself upon you shows him to be a gentleman.

"Here comes another intruder! I am a college boy attending a 'co-ed' institution. I find some very interesting character studies in the question and answer department of 'My Queen,' and greatly admire your ability to interpret character and give sound advice. Hence, I beg a little of your advice. For a year I've been quite attentive to a sweet little classmate of mine, and having received proper encouragement, I expect some day to claim her as my own. We have, however, three years of student life before us, and to these, perhaps, another year should be added before we could get married. Now, I am rather averse to long engagements, so what am I to do? Should I wait longer before asking her to be mine, or would you advise me to do so soon? Cliff."

We think it wiser for you to wait a year, at least, before proposing to this young girl. Tell her that you love her if you wish and explain the situation. If she is sensible, she will understand and appreciate your motives. This leaves you both free to make other acquainances; but, if the year passes by and you still cling to each other, we think you will do right in entering into an engagement. We approve heartily of your intention to finish your studies.

"Having read a number of your answers to correspondents, I thought I would like your opinion on my position if you could spare the time. I am engaged to a young lady, but at times she seems totally indifferent to me, while at others she is all that I could desire. I am nineteen years old, a Protestant in religion, while she is a very good Catholic. We are not at all bigoted in any way, but I sometimes think the difference in religious views has something to do with her coldness. I should hate to judge her hastily, but would like to come to an understanding before I took the final step. I think everything of her, and with the exception of the times stated above—I think she loves me in return. If you could give me any assistance in this matter I should feel very grateful. Harry D."

In order to marry this girl you will probably be obliged to embrace her religion or else get a "special dispensation" to allow you to marry her. The young lady is probably worrying over this very thing. Are you willing to accept such terms as these? We do not approve of the marriage of a Protestant and a Roman Catholic, and would certainly advise you to transfer your affections, if possible. We doubt if any woman really respects the man who gives up nationality, religion or politics, just to please her. It may be taken as a compliment, but it certainly reflects on one's manliness.

"I find your little book entitled 'My Queen' very interesting, and have read your columns of questions and answers every week and consider the advice the best that can be given. Kindly give me your best advice on the following: I have been corresponding with a young man whom I love very much, and I think I offended him some way or other in my last letter, for he has not answered it nor have I seen or heard from him since. Do you think it would be wrong on my part to write him and ask him if I have offended him, for I am sure that I did not, as I am always very careful as to what I say when writing to him. I have known him for a great number of years and am very fond of him.

"Ruth."

We can see no harm in your writing again, as it is possible your friend may never have received your letter. Put your name and address in the corner of the envelope; then, if it is not delivered, it will come back to you, and if it does not come back, you will know he has it. If he does not answer the second, do not write again, as it will prove that he has tired of the correspondence.

"I am a little girl of fifteen and my parents are always getting after me for talking loud and using slang. I have tried to break myself of both habits, but I cannot. Cannot you who are so intelligent, tell me of some way in which I can rid myself of these dreadfully vulgar habits? If you will, I will owe you a debt which I can never repay. Y."

My dear little girl—I am glad you are anxious to overcome your bad habits, and so suggest the following as a form of self-punishment. Every time you are corrected for using a slang phrase, go and get your toothbrush and some soap and scrub your mouth out thoroughly. Never mind if you do make it a little sore—it will help you to remember.

"I have met a gentleman that I love. I go to meet a lady friend of mine just because I do not want to come right out and tell him that it is him I want to see and not her. He told my friend to fix it for him with me, and when I called on my friend he was all right, that is he acted all right, and he is nice and I am stuck on him. I want you to tell me how to get him to tell my friend that he is stuck on me and that he would like to see me. He has a saloon. I go there once in a while with my lady friend and we buy a few drinks and he does the same. Now, I do really love him, but I don't want to come forward with myself. I want him to tell me that he wants me for his sweetheart. Don't you think I am right? Tell me how and what I should do to get his love for me. B. T."

Your letter has distressed the editor of "My Queen" more than words can say! Have you no parents or friends to point out to you the folly and danger in your present doings? Who is this "lady friend" who has connived to introduce you to this man. Please give us her address in your next letter. My dear little girl, what is to become of you. If you wish to be respected and to ever win the true love of an honest man you must give this saloonkeeper up at once and forever! Did you read in the newspapers the terrible fate of a young girl who visited saloons in Paterson, New Jersey? Beware, my dear girl, lest you share her fate! Let liquor alone and pray keep away from saloons! You are playing with a two-edged sword which will some day stab you to the heart. When you write us again tell something of your parents, and, if possible, tell us that you have conquered your passion for this fellow.

"I have read every issue of 'My Queen,' and am very much interested. I have no mother or sisters, but would very much like to have a sister like Marion. I am not quite seventeen and am known among most of my friends to be 'not like other girls.' While I was away last summer I met a young man who is well known to my relatives, but was a total stranger to me. We were thrown very much together, being the only young people there, and we became very intimate. He is the very soul of honor and a perfect gentleman. I looked upon him more as an elder brother than anything else, and he showed a decided preference for my society, which I did not discourage. I allowed him to hold my hand quite frequently in a brotherly way. We live in the city and he came to see me once, and we exchanged a few letters, but I have waited long for an answer to my last letter, and it has not come. A short time ago I wrote and invited him to come and see me, asking him to let me know if he could come. He did not answer either by letter or in person, as I think he should have done. I think a good bit of him, in a way, of course not serious, and I feel as if I should never be happy until I see him and he explains his strange behavior.

"I frequently go near his place of business, and do I do wrong to sometimes walk in that direction in the hope of seeing him? I might 'phone to him if I chose. Do you think he would mind and would it look well for me to do so? He is pretty well-to-do and goes with girls much better off than myself. Do you think he is tired of me now that he is in the city? Or do you think that perhaps he did not get my letter? Sometimes I think I would be perfectly happy if it was not for this—it is the last thing I think of at night, and the first thing in the morning. I must see him, for I cannot put my mind on my studies or anything else. One thing more, Miss Shirley, I cannot talk a lot of nonsense like other girls, and I should like to know what subjects are best to talk on to a young man. When a young man comes to call on you do you think it proper for me to walk as far as the cars with him?

"H. M. D."

We are afraid you are far more deeply in love with this young man than you think, and we are also inclined to think that you are wasting your affection. If the young man did not receive your letter and really cares for you he will look you up before long. If he did get it and has not answered it, is because he has lost interest in you. We advise you to think no more about him, but endeavor to spend your thought upon worthier matters. You can always talk over the current news of the papers, avoiding the indecent items, and the articles in the monthly magazines will always furnish food for conversation. Encourage young men to talk of their ambitions in life and learn all that they know on every subject that interests them, like art, music, agriculture or mechanics. We see no harm in your walking to the cars with your friends, if you have known them for some time, although, according to the ordinary rules of propriety, you should bid your friends good-night at the door of your home.

"I am eighteen years old and am a working girl in the city. I have a young gentleman friend who says that he loves me and I am in love with him, but when we are out in public he pays more attention to other young ladies than to me. Shall I keep on loving him or shall I give my love to some one else? Please give me advice.

"Laura M. D."

We do not quite understand why your lover neglects you in public. If he has honored you with his love he has no reason to be ashamed of you. We do not advise you to marry a man of this nature, as he will be apt to be less attentive even after marriage than before. You had better talk to him kindly on this subject. It may be only thoughtlessness, and perhaps he will recover from the habit.

"About six years ago I met at a dance a young man who accompanied me home. He wanted to call, but I cared nothing about him then, so refused to allow him to call. A year later we both moved into the same neighborhood and our acquaintance was resumed, and I learned to love him dearly, better than my life! For reasons I cannot state here I can never be his wife. We now meet as strangers, but I love him just the same. I do not wish to marry any one, but I would like to see the day when I could be happy. When I could look on this man with indifference and awake in the morning feeling that there is still something in life to live for. I have tried to forget him, but his image is in my heart, and to forget is impossible. It always did bring me more grief than happiness even when I thought he loved me. Some poet says:

"'Sweet is true love tho' given in vain;
Sweeter still is death, which puts an end to pain."

But I cannot imagine anything sadder than to love and not be loved. I do not want to die. I want to live and outgrow this great love of mine. I am only twenty-one, and it seems as though my life should not be spent this way. I will thank you for any advice you will give me. LULU D."

You have our sincere sympathy. It is, indeed, hard to love and feel that you love in vain, but you are young, dear girl, and you certainly will outgrow it. A little more patient determination and you will win the victory. We advise you to occupy your mind with other things as completely as possible. Interest yourself in those about you, and, by all means, do not shun society. Enlarge your circle of friends and make yourself useful to those who need you. It would be foolish to let an unrequited affection spoil your life, and we are sure that you are a girl of too much good sense and spirit to go on moping forever because you have had the misfortune to love unwisely.

"I have taken great interest in reading the Correspondence Department of 'My Queen', and I am very interested in Marion. I think she is a noble, brave girl. I am fifteen years old and go to dances, parties and other nice amusements whenever I have a way. One of our old neighboring boys who is twenty four years old, brought me home several times. He is nice, polite and acts like a gentleman when he is in my company. Do you think it is wrong to let him bring me home? BESSIE."

We do not approve of fifteen-year-old girls going to dances and parties, unless an older brother or sister is with them to see them safely home. A man of twenty-four is not as safe a companion for a girl of fifteen as a boy nearer her age, and he is just the age to be attractive to her and to cast over her senses the spell of infatuation. The young man you speak of may be an exception, but it is for your parents to decide whom you should associate with.

"Though a boy, I am a constant reader of your delightful weekly and I enjoy your letter department. I am in love with a girl whom I do not know, and I am not in a position to get an introduction to her. How can I bring myself to her notice and win her affection? I am not girl crazy, and I would not neglect my school work for society, but I want to go with her. I am tired of the other girls who bore me, so I ask your advice. Some one told me she heard a bad report of me, and I heard it under such peculiar circumstances that I can't tell her it isn't so. Please help me out of my dilemma and oblige. LEE."

How can you possibly love a girl whom you do not know? You may be attracted toward her or infatuated by her, but something besides the glimpse of a face is needed to develop love. Why do you not ask some mutual friend to introduce you, then you can tell her how you feel and also explain about the report.

"You seem so willing to help others that I know you will not refuse to help me. I am engaged to a good, honest, kind-hearted, noble young man who I know truly loves me and can furnish me a comfortable home, but I am afraid I do not love him, although I am very contented when with him. He is three years younger than I but seems as old. At twenty-three it seems I ought to know whether I am in love or not. I fear I might find out too late that I don't love him. I have told him how I feel about the matter, but he will not give me up, as he says something tells him that my love will yet be his. I hate to give him up, and yet I don't think it honorable to encourage him unless I mean to marry him. IONA S."

We are glad that you wrote to us before marrying this young man. It is never wise to marry, expecting to develop the "grand passion" afterward. We should advise you to go away from the young man, if possible, for a time, or to even cultivate the company of others, so that you can compare your sentiments in regard to them.

"I have read every number of 'My Queen' and can say that I never read anything better, if I am a boy. I think Miss Shirley is the best story writer in the United States and also a good adviser, therefore I will ask her to help me in my trouble. I am twenty years old and am deeply in love with the best girl in the world. She is eighteen years old and says she will never love any one but me. I have proposed and been accepted, but her parents object to her marrying so young. Do you think she is too young to marry? If so, how long should we wait? I am a clerk in a grocery store getting thirty-three dollars a month, and have money enough in the bank to buy a modest little house and fit it up. I am longing for the time to come when I can call her my own and care for her. Please advise me if you think it proper to marry within a year from now?

"S. F."

You certainly seem to be a prudent, thrifty young man, but we really think that a year or two more would find you in a better position to marry. After you have built your nest there should still be a little laid by to provide against the illness and bad luck that are almost inevitable. As a rule, we do not approve of girls marrying under twenty five, but we think that if your affection stands the test of a year or two longer, it will be safe for both of you to marry. Thanks for your kind words of praise for Miss Shirley and "My Queen."

"I am desperately in love with a young man who is very attractive. I should like to have him come and see me, but he doesn't come. I meet him often, and when I do it hurts my feelings. Please advise me on this subject. ALICE L."

My dear Alice, is it possible that you are foolish enough to care for a man who does not care for you? Let this fellow go and wait until someone loves you well enough to wish to come to you. Then you will have a lover worth having. Above all things, do not let the young man see how you feel toward him.

"I would like to ask you what you think of my case, I am desperately in love with a splendid young man. We have been engaged three years. He is always talking about our home we are to have, and wishing that we were married, but never saying when we are to be married. I think that he loves me, as he says he loves me better than anything in the world. I think he is sincere as he spends all his spare time with me and never has any other girl friends. We have been going together four years. Do you think he will ever marry me? GRACE G."

The young man is certainly taking his time; but, perhaps, he is trying to save money enough to pay for the home he is always talking about. You have been engaged long enough to feel free to talk to him on this subject, so why not ask him to tell you his plans for the future. Certainly no one has a better right to know them than yourself.

"I am a young girl of nineteen and am in love with a young man of twenty, and we are engaged. Some of my friends say he never intends to marry me. Which shall I do, believe what my friends say or what he says? MAUD A. R."

We do not just see how your friends can be so sure of the young man's intentions. If you are engaged, that means that he has already asked you to marry him, and why should he ask you if he did not want you? If he is slow in asking you to set the wedding day, there is no reason in the world why you should not suggest it. Tell him when you are ready to marry and see what he says.

"I am a young girl about sixteen years of age, and I attend many parties and stay out rather late. Father does not approve of it. Tell me, do you think I'm doing wrong in staying out when he does not wish me to? I will look for my answer in No. 7, as I do not wish to give my name. "C. S."

The question which you ask can readily be answered by yourself. Suppose your dear father should die to-morrow, what would be your first thought? You would wish with all your heart that you had not displeased him, would you not? Let this be the test in all your dealings with your parents. Do nothing while they live that will cause you remorse later on. No. 7 had gone to press when your letter come.

"I wish to know if I have experienced the delightful sensation of love. I am seventeen years of age, and think a great deal of a girl fifteen years old. She is, however, unlike other girls in that she is extremely reasonable, sensible and intellectual. Her mother is with us whenever we go out in the evening. While I am with the girl I am filled with a sensation which I have never experienced before and which is decidedly pleasant and agreable. While I am home and away from her I feel as if there was something lacking, and there seems to be a void which is only filled when I am in her company. She writes an exceptionally good letter, and I am always happy upon receiving one. I am quite sure I love her, anyhow. I think a good deal of her. She is young in years, but is two or three years older in actions and words.

"I have read all of the 'Queens,' and mean to keep on with them as I like 'Marion' very much. I have one of her traits in that I am not afraid to say what I mean, and then mean what I say. "B. E. C."

If you do not really love the young lady, we should say that you were very near to it. There is no doubt but that a longer acquaintanee will develop into love, and as you are both too young to marry you can well afford to await that development. There are a great many girls who are "reasonable," "sensible" and "intelleetual," and they are all intended to make some worthy young men happy, but not until their studies are ended and their characters developed are they old enough to marry. We trust that you are making yourself worthy of her in every way, and that you will wait three years, at least, before you ask her to marry you.

"There are some boys around my home every night to see me. I am only sixteen years old and the three boys are seventeen. Do you think it is right for me to have fellows? EDITH K."

If you consider them in the light of lovers or "fellows," as you call them, we can say emphatically that we do not think it right. If they are merely nice boys, who are on the lookout for innocent amusement, there is no reason why you should not invite them in and entertain them if your parents are willing. Do not stay out in the yard or hang around the gate with your friends.

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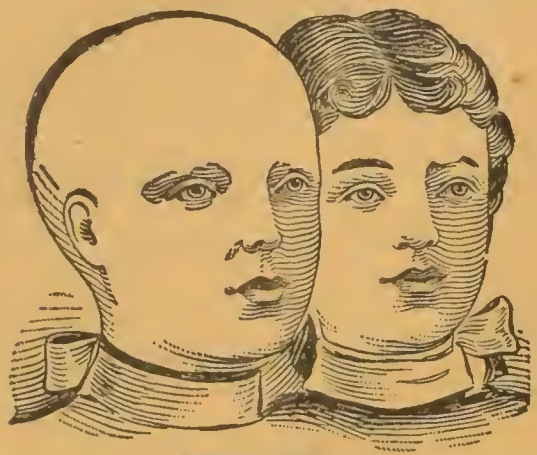

MISS EMMA EMOND.

Miss Emond lives in Salem, Mass., at 276 Washington St. and naturally feels very much elated to recover from total baldness. The remedy that caused Miss Emond's hair to grow also cures itching and dandruff, sure signs of approaching baldness and keeps the scalp healthy and vigorous. It also restores gray hair to natural color and produces thick and lustrous eyebrows and eyelashes. By sending your name and address to the Altenheim Medical Dispensary, 1551 Butterfield Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio, enclosing a 2c. stamp to cover postage and they will mail you prepaid a free trial of their remarkable remedy

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FULL PARTICULARS FREE.

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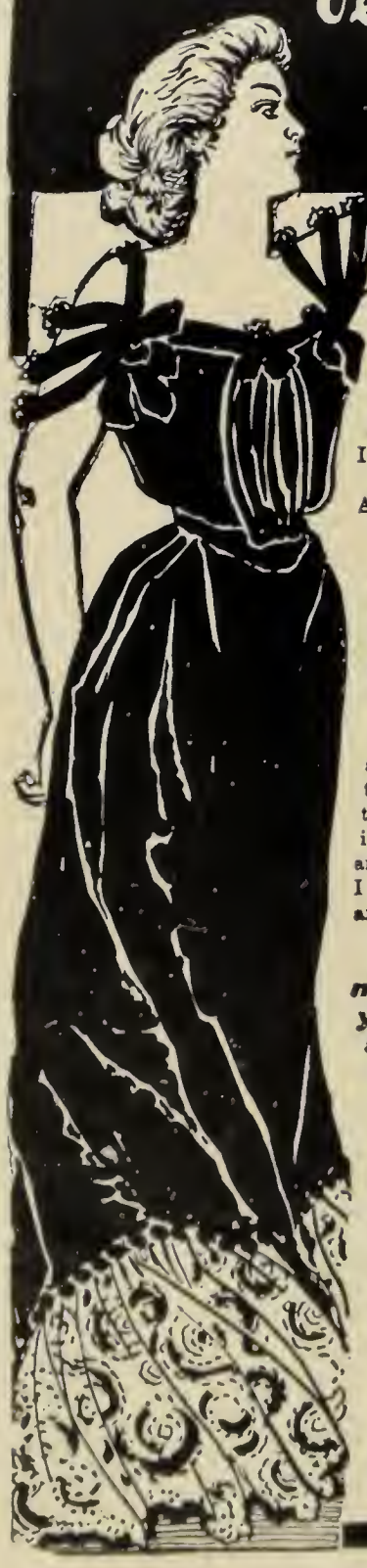

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